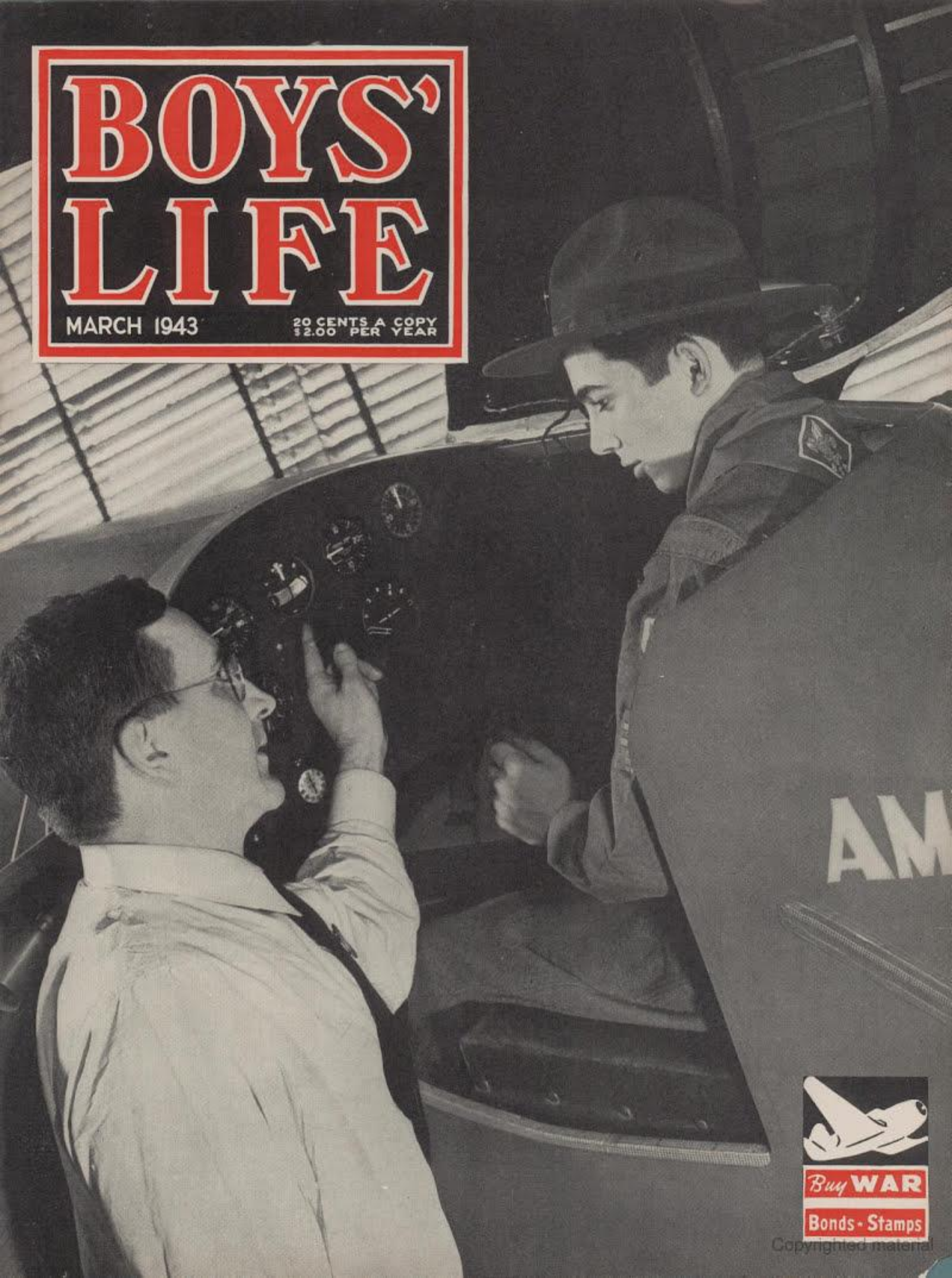


BOYS' LIFE

MARCH 1943

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Whose Ocean?



On all the coasts of the Seven Continents today there's scarcely a square foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers — *our* soldiers — American women and children — *our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man* a gun or *pay* for that gun. *Drop* a bomb or *pay* for the bomb. With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

Join the Pay Roll Savings Plan, whoever you are, wherever you work. Let your employer set aside 10% of your pay every pay day. Each time your savings amount to \$18.75, you get a bond, worth \$25.00 in ten years.

That's the way we *Americans* will do it. We won't sit back indifferent.

We won't "wait and see" until there's nothing left to see.

"Do it now" is a good American slogan. So let's *do it!*

It's later than you think!

• • •

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- When you buy WAR BONDS, you're saving, not giving! Series E WAR BONDS are worth 33½ percent more in 10 years! You get back \$4 for every \$3 you invest!
- These BONDS, when held to maturity (10 years), yield 2.9 percent per year on your investment, compounded semiannually!
- Joining a Pay Roll Savings Plan makes savings easy!
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- You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in War Bonds every pay day NOW!
- You can start buying WAR BONDS by buying War Stamps for as little as 10 cents.



For those without
regular incomes
WAR STAMPS

**EVERYBODY
EVERY PAY DAY 10% in War Bonds**



SCOUT WAR HERO—Lt. Noel A. M. Gayler, U.S.N., 28, a former Bremerton, Wash., Boy Scout, is the first to receive three Navy Cross awards. First he shot down a bomber and helped destroy two others when nine planes attacked his carrier. For downing a seaplane and bombing two destroyers he received a gold star instead of the second cross. His second gold star was for destroying two planes and damaging two others.

BOYS' LIFE

A MAGAZINE FOR ALL BOYS

Dedicated to the entertainment and service of the boys of America, to help them, through good reading, to learn how to do things for themselves and others, to train them in Scoutcraft, and to teach them patriotism, courage, self-reliance and good citizenship, on the basis of the Scout Oath and Law.

THE SCOUT OATH

On my honor, I will do my best—
To do my duty to God and my Country, and to obey the Scout Law;
To help other people at all times;
To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

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The Editor Speaks

BOYS' LIFE

THIS is the Thirty Second Anniversary of BOYS' LIFE. The first issue was published in March 1911. The magazine was purchased by the Boy Scouts of America as the official magazine and it is recognized as the leading magazine for boys throughout the world. Since it was first issued 71,195,000 copies have been published and distributed. The magazine has changed greatly in the past thirty-two years. Its standards have been gradually improved and it has become more clearly related to the activities of Scouting in such a way as to make the publication a definite asset to every Scout and every Scouter.

The progressive policy and forward steps were made possible some years ago by the generosity of the Trustees of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Foundation. Because of their confidence in the record of BOYS' LIFE they authorized first one hundred thousand dollars and, two years later, an additional hundred thousand dollars. This investment served its purpose. BOYS' LIFE is now well established with a circulation in excess of 300,000 and is operating on a sound business basis. Throughout the whole period the Trustees of the Rockefeller Foundation have been very splendid and have faithfully met their responsibilities. Through their generosity the balance of the loan has been reinvested in the further promotion of BOYS' LIFE. The Trustees felt justified in doing this on the basis of the record of this magazine and its service to Scouts and, indeed, to all boys.

BOYS' LIFE has meant much to me over the years and it was my faith and conviction that led our Executive Board to authorize me to develop this magazine originally. In the advancement of the magazine and its improvement a capable staff has had a major share. Indeed, the whole Scout Field has cooperated and has showed that it is vitally concerned in providing the boyhood of the Nation with a publication that is virile, wide awake and progressive. It is not published as a commercial proposition. It is published to meet what we on the magazine staff and in Scouting feel to be a genuine part of our responsibility for promoting character building and citizenship training. I am confident that all will continue to cooperate to help BOYS' LIFE bring increased service to the youth of America through its pages.

The Executive Board has authorized my election as Chief Scout and the assumption of Dr. Elbert K. Fretwell of the duties of Chief Scout Executive on February 1st. When I open my office as Chief Scout I shall continue to do my best to serve youth and civilization through the program of the Boy Scouts of America. I bespeak your support of Dr. Fretwell who comes to us with a rich experience as a volunteer worker in Scouting over many years and ten years as a member of our National Executive Board. I hope that every Scout and Scouter in America will accord Dr. Fretwell the fullest cooperation in order that we may, all working together, continue to advance the effectiveness of Scouting in America.

I express appreciation to all the readers of BOYS' LIFE for their many and heartening letters of friendship which they have sent to me through the years. I am conscious of the important part that the readers of the magazine, as well as the members of the staff and the contributors, have had in the magnificent record of this publication. I am truly grateful for all the help I have had over the years from so many individuals and groups in my efforts "to do my best."

Yours for Victory through Unity and Work.

James E. West



"You are the kind of a man we all want to be," said Scout George Tolson as he presented Captain Rickenbacker with a Silver Beaver on behalf of New York City Scouts.



It was appropriate that the officer who found the survivors was Marine Lieutenant W. F. Eadie, who was not many years ago an Eagle Scout of Troop 17, Evanston, Ill.



After more than three weeks of suffering Captain Rickenbacker (third from left) and his associates eat their first light meal on an island somewhere in the South Pacific.



Two of the three rafts that saved Captain Rickenbacker and crew from hungry sharks.

Captain Rickenbacker

THE HERO OF TWO GENERATIONS
OF AMERICAN BOYS

WE ARE very glad and very proud of your safe return. You are a hero—our hero. You represent to us the spirit of America. You are the kind of a man we'd like to be." So spoke Scout George Tolson, Senior Patrol Leader of Troop 90, Queens, who had the distinction of presenting to Captain Rickenbacker the Silver Beaver Award at the "Dawn Patrol" breakfast of the Greater New York Councils, at the Waldorf-Astoria. By those words Scout Tolson expressed the sincere admiration and appreciation of all Scouts and Scouters for Captain "Eddie," the man who has inspired two generations of American boys through his achievements as America's Ace of Aces in the First World War and by his courage and devotion to duty in the Second World War.

Captain Rickenbacker has always been an enthusiastic supporter of the Boy Scout Movement as a source of training in self-reliance, individualism and initiative. He has contributed generously in time and effort and personal interest to bring Scouting into the lives of countless boys.

It is particularly appropriate that a Scout-trained man, Lieutenant William F. Eadie, one-time Eagle Scout of Troop 17, Evanston, Ill., should have been the Marine Corps flyer who found Captain "Eddie" and his companions adrift on their rubber raft and rescued them. In a recent letter to the members of his old Troop Lieutenant Eadie wrote: "There have been many occasions when I have fallen back on lessons learned in Scouting." Unquestionably he employed a lot of Scout training in finding and rescuing Captain Rickenbacker and bringing a happy ending to one of the most gripping and inspiring stories that has come out of this war. Certainly he employed Scout ingenuity in bringing the castaways to safety. His two-seater seaplane was not large enough to accommodate three extra passengers. But rather than leave them or wait for help to arrive Lieutenant Eadie and his radio man Lester Boutte, who is also a former Scout of Troop 80, Abbeville, La., crowded Captain Adamson into the cockpit of the plane and lashed Captain Rickenbacker and Private Bartek to the wings. Then Lieutenant Eadie taxied his plane forty miles back to his base.

Captain Rickenbacker's story is so thrilling an adventure and so rich in inspiring courage and determination to

surmount difficulties that, although it has been published and broadcast before, Boys' Life feels justified in publishing it again so that all Scouts may read it, not just once, but many times.

It is worth rereading again and again for in every paragraph it reveals, as Scout Tolson truthfully stated, that Captain "Eddie" represents to us the spirit of America and is indeed the kind of man we would all like to be. Here is Captain Rickenbacker's story taken from the script he used for his radio address over all of the big networks.

Captain "Eddie's" Story

I KNOW that I am here today because of a Kindly Providence and the gallantry and guts of our fighting men.

And the same holds true for each of you, even though you were not lost in the Pacific. But let me start at the beginning of my story.

You know, of course, that American airmen who fly over great bodies of water in distant battle areas can have few of the navigation devices possible in domestic flying.

I left Hawaii with Colonel Hans Adamson, Captain William T. Cherry, Second Lieutenant James C. Whittaker, Second Lieutenant John DeAngelis, Master Sergeant James Reynolds, Sergeant Alexander Kaczmarezyk and Private John Bartek, headed for a tiny island in the Pacific.

We had no last minute weather data on the areas through which we were to travel. There were no stations along the route, no teletype to give us data on the weather. We had a radio which could be used only sparingly.

Conditions for such flying are being constantly improved but are necessarily limited by necessities of war.

It was the morning after our take-off when we called for bearings that our radio problem showed up.

We kept flying on what we believed to be our course. I suspected that we had a stronger tailwind than had been calculated originally and that we had overshot. This proved to be the case.

But we had no choice other than to keep on our course and try the old box-like method of locating a ship or an island.

Under such flying conditions you get what is called "island eyes." You see land from many different angles but it proves to be only cloud shadows.

But when you are as anxious to find land as we were, with a (To page 21)

MARCH, 1943

BOYS' LIFE

Vol. XXXIII. No. 3



The knife swung upon Renfrew who caught the man's wrist deftly in one hand and wrenched it down

Renfrew at Retribution River

By LAURIE YORK ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL DUDLEY

BECAUSE wartime conditions had vastly increased the work of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Inspector Douglas Renfrew, commanding the Retribution River District, seldom got away from his desk. At Fort Lodge, southernmost post in that district which stretched into the high Arctic, he supervised the whole vast area by remote control, studying and analyzing the reports from his men in the field as an expert accountant might analyze the books of a great bank. When a report showed that

A colorful radio and fiction character comes to Boys' Life in a thrilling adventure serial

his presence was needed in some distant place, he'd fly to the point of trouble, straighten things out,

and return to his headquarters, often by the same plane that had taken him in.

It was during March in 1941 that his curiosity was aroused by a single paragraph in the voluminous report of Sergeant Dunston, in charge at the post called Retribution, a mining camp that marked the northern limits of the district. To a casual reader it might have appeared insignificant, but since that paragraph led Renfrew into a trap from which he very narrowly escaped, it is worth quoting in full.



Dunston had drawn back the hood of the sleeping robe and saw the gaunt face of an Indian

ed buildings, employed a number of men and established a plane service which linked that region with the outside world. Since then we made several visits to Finlayson House by plane, through the courtesy of the Northstar Company. The boy, Michael Norbert, as a matter of fact, was flown down here to Retribution by one of their planes last August, to start the school year here. Last fall, however, the company closed down its base, flew all its people out and ceased air transportation. Owing to war conditions we have had neither the men nor the time to patrol that area by dog sled, which will perhaps explain the boy's anxiety. His letter is attached herewith. Michael Norbert is fifteen years old."

Having read that paragraph and digested it, Renfrew turned his attention to the letter from Michael Norbert.

"Dear Sir," it read. "This is to ask if you can help me to get in touch with my father, Karl Norbert, at Finlayson House. I am worried about him. He said he would come down for me when school closed in February. He needed my help on the traplines, so I was to make up my school work in the summer. He didn't come. But I know my father. Nothing would have stopped him from coming if he was all right."

"I hear you make patrols to people when they are in trouble. Could you please make a patrol to Finlayson House, and can you take me with you? I am very strong and a good trail breaker, and dog driver."

"Yours respectfully,
Michael Norbert."

RENFREW studied the firm, carefully formed handwriting on the ruled, copybook paper. He rose and consulted the map of his district. More than two hundred miles up the Retribution River from the post of Retribution, the big stream was joined by a smaller one, the Ottertail; and sixty miles up the Ottertail lay the old trading post of Finlayson House.

Renfrew frowned thoughtfully. Since the coming of the mining company's planes all that long stretch of remote northern wasteland had been uninspected by the police except from the high reaches of the air. Not only Karl Norbert, but a dozen other trappers along the river had been left neglected . . . and there was a Dog-Rib Indian village at the mouth of the Ottertail. . . . Trouble and disease could breed among neglected Indians. . . .

It was a situation which clearly demanded a quick flight to Retribution and a carefully planned, long patrol by dogsled over that intricate system of winding highways of ice formed by the Retribution River and its tributaries. But Spring was coming to the North, and Spring was no time for plane flights.

It is a mistake to say that Spring comes late in the Arctic. The thaw, the break-up, the warmth of new life comes late, but as early as March Spring makes itself known by violent extremes of temperature and moving storms that smash the even quiet of winter cold with savage blizzards and haze-hidden traps of slush on the broken ice. It makes for dangerous travel on land, and fills the airways with the promise of disaster. But police work can't stop with the Spring.

Renfrew went back to his desk, cleaned up all immediate business, and arranged for a plane to fly him in the morning to Retribution.

IN THE orderly room at Retribution, Sergeant Dunston explained his problem.

"You can see how it is, sir," he said. "The winter's been a bad one: record cold, hard traveling and bad blizzards. Last fall a forest fire burned out the woods along the Ottertail. The Indians say it can't be traveled by sled, and we haven't got men to spare even if it could be. As a matter of fact, that's probably why Karl Norbert hasn't come down for the boy."

Renfrew looked from the sergeant to the boy, who sat, silent and troubled, listening to the odds against his chances of returning home. Mike Norbert was slim, but well built for his age, and he looked capable. A mop of black hair tumbled down over his forehead almost meeting the black lines of his eyebrows beneath which his eyes were a dark, astonishing blue. A snub nose, wide red lips and good teeth made it possible for him to light his face with an extraordinarily contagious smile. But he was solemn, now, and Renfrew, looking out from the cosy warmth of the police post across the unlimited expanse of snow covered, frozen landscape which separated the boy from his home, could not blame him.

"It's high time that area was patrolled," he said as he gazed up the wide white highway of the Retribution River. "But we haven't the men, Mike. We must keep a wartime watch on all the mines that are working. Your mine up at Finlayson's closed down."

"But my father, sir?" said Mike. "How about him?"

Renfrew didn't answer. His eyes were fixed on a dogsled that was coming down river at a peculiar, weaving gait. It was obvious that the dogs were dead tired, and the man who followed the sled seemed to lean heavily upon the handle bar. But it was the sled's burden that held Renfrew silent as he studied it. It was a long pack, like an outspread bedroll, but it seemed tightly drawn over an object that became all too obvious as the sled drew nearer. Renfrew abruptly turned from the window, and reached for his fur parka, which hung nearby.

"A letter from Michael Norbert, who attends the Mission School at Retribution," read Sergeant Dunston's report, "requests that we make a patrol to Finlayson House. Michael's father, a trapper named Karl Norbert, came to Canada from Germany in 1920, and has for some years occupied the old trading post at Finlayson House, which was abandoned by the Hudson's Bay Company. This stands at the head of the Ottertail River. It is a remote section and caused us many troublesome patrols until the summer of 1937, when the Northstar-Nahannie Mining Syndicate started operations at the head of the Ottertail. Near Finlayson House this company erect-



"It is no evil spirit!" said Renfrew. "There is some foolish man here who is bush crazy or who bears a grudge

hook. He slipped into it and hurried to the door. "We've got to get out there, Dunston!" he cried. "There's an Indian coming down the river, and he's carrying a dead man with him!"

Renfrew plunged down the trail to the river and intercepted the strange traveler before he reached the post. At the sight of the policeman, the Indian halted his dogs and slumped down on the snow like a tired child. The dogs instantly dropped in their tracks, and a strange quiet fell over the party, as though death had touched them all.

Renfrew looked down into the dark eyes of the Indian, a young, good looking fellow, not more than nineteen or twenty. From a fatigue-drawn face he gazed back into the redcoat's eyes with implicit trust and confidence.

"Trouble?" asked Renfrew gently.

"Esau!" said the Indian. He jerked an arm toward the sled and its silent burden. "Esau hurt. Bad."

Renfrew turned to the sled and found Dunston there, with Mike close beside him. Dunston had drawn back the hood of the sleeping robe and saw the gaunt face of an Indian who lay, as if asleep; but a dark stained swathe of rags was bound around his head and from his throat came a battle for breath that shuddered in long groans in the icy air.

"Mike!" Renfrew turned to the boy. "Run this sled to the mission hospital, will you? And stay there until the doctor can give you a report. Then bring it to me at the post. Do you mind?"

"You bet not," said Mike. The bright grin flashed across his face, more eloquent than his words; and Renfrew noticed, as he turned back to the resting Indian, how the boy rallied the tired dogs with a few low spoken commands which they were powerless to ignore.

"That boy's good," he said to Dunston. "We'd better get this man into the post, feed him and rest him. He's all in."

THE young Indian, they discovered, was named Cheecash. He was from the Dog-Rib Indian settlement at the mouth of the Ottertail. With the resilience of a well conditioned athlete he soon recovered his strength and, although his whole body hungered for sleep, he did his best to answer Renfrew's questions. He spoke mournfully, regarding Renfrew with dark and troubled eyes.

Esau, he declared, had fallen and injured his head. "On the rock," he explained. "Bad travel. Bad place."

"Where was it?" asked Renfrew.

"Ottertail." Fear glittered in the man's eyes. "Bad. Bad place, Ottertail."

"You went up the Ottertail with Esau?" Recognizing that manifest glitter of fear, Renfrew was probing carefully, now. "Why?" he asked gently.

"Norbert! Karl Norbert!" cried Cheecash eagerly; then, abandoning the painful effort to speak in the white man's language, he burst forth in the crisp dialect of the Dog-Ribs.

Renfrew, since he deemed it a policeman's job to know the language of every man in his district, understood him perfectly. Attentively he followed the story of Cheecash.

KARL NORBERT, it seemed, was a good man. Every winter he would make several journeys from Finlayson House to the Dog-Rib settlement, sixty miles down the Ottertail, to see that all was well with his Indian friends, and their families. They had come to count upon it. But this winter he had not come and they had been worried about him. They would have gone up the river to see him, but the woods had been burned the previous fall, and burned timber had fallen from the steep banks which lined the river; burned and broken timbers froze in the river ice, making it impassable. Also, the Indians were scared. Mystery covered the burned-over area with rumors of evil forces cutting them off from their trapping lines.

But as the winter grew long and still Norbert did not come, Esau had said he would cut a way through the burned area to his friend. Because of the fear, no Indian would go with him. But Cheecash was Esau's friend. "I will go," he had said. And he had gone; but his heart was cold with fear.

They had cut their way through. In the gorges of the upper Ottertail, in Arctic cold, through shattered timbers frozen in the ice, it had been a work for giants, but they had done it. Cheecash was very proud of that.

LEAVING their exhausted sled dogs, he and Esau had set out on foot for the last lap to Finlayson House; but the trail had been hard. They were often separated, each seeking the best course around obstacles of rock and open water.

"Ledges," explained Cheecash, "covered with ice. We had to feel our way around them like men in the dark. It was in a place like that. I was behind, creeping over fallen timber. Esau was on the ledge, out of my sight. I heard him cry out, and I went forward with fear in my stomach. His voice was like the end of life. So I found him there."

He had found Esau unconscious at the foot of the ledge.

"He had fallen," said Cheecash, "and was hurt." With incredible effort he had carried Esau back to the sled, run down to the village, where he waited only to put in supplies, and then had made a dash down the Retribution.

"When did you start?" asked Renfrew.

"Sunday," said Cheecash. "At high sun. Alix To-

ron-jo was preaching to the people so that only some children saw me come and go."

"Sunday, at high noon," murmured Renfrew. He looked at the clock. "Twenty minutes after three," he said, "and this is Tuesday. Dunston! If what this man says is true, he made that two hundred miles from the Ottertail in less than sixty hours!"

Cheecash heard the unveiled admiration in Renfrew's voice and looked puzzled. "Esau," he said, "is my friend."

The door opened, and Mike came in, electric with subdued excitement.

"What's the verdict?" asked Renfrew. (To page 26)



KEEP OUT OF SIGHT

By **WILLIAM HILLCOURT**

THE Commandos struck at dawn. In the eastern sky the first slight indication of red had started to glow. Overhead, a few stars still flickered.

The men moved ahead in a ghost-like group. The color of their uniforms made them melt into the landscape. Smears in fantastic patterns broke up the whiteness of their faces.

They advanced stealthily, slowly, yet covering the ground with amazing speed. Suddenly, their leader held up his hand. They all stopped, fell to the ground.

"The zero hour had arrived. . . ."

An account of commandos raiding the coast of France? Not at all! Simply the opening paragraphs of the log book description of the latest Troop hike—the commando hike the fellows had been planning for, working toward.

Commando hikes are sweeping the country. Numerous Troops are taking them up. There's nothing new in them. They are simply the good old cross-country games, with two Patrols or two teams of the Troop trying to outwit each other finding a treasure, capturing a flag, reaching a certain destination first.

We are only taking them a little more seriously nowadays, because we have discovered that the stalking tricks that Scouts have practiced since the start of our Movement, have become important to the winning of the war. Eddie Rickenbacker himself has told us so. And whether in Guadalcanal, or in Tunisia, or in Troop Camp, or down in the woodlot, the same old stalking rules that have been handed down to us by early hunters, Indian warriors, pioneers, rangers and others hold true.

Stalking is fun—not only when you play a cross-country game and are responsible for finding out what the fellows on the other team are doing, but also when you are on your own, possibly stalking a wild animal to study its habits, maybe even to take its photograph.



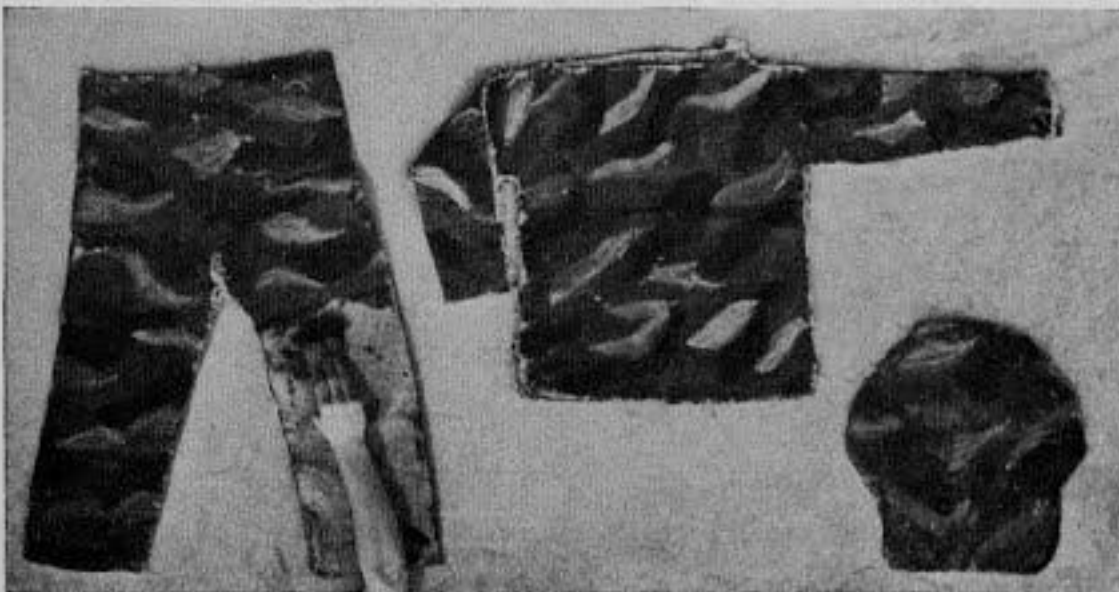
The first rule of stalking is "CONSIDER YOURSELF WATCHED FROM ALL SIDES." A stalker must be super-alert.



"MOVE SLOWLY AND SILENTLY." Be ready to come to a dead stop to "freeze" instantly if you think you're noticed.



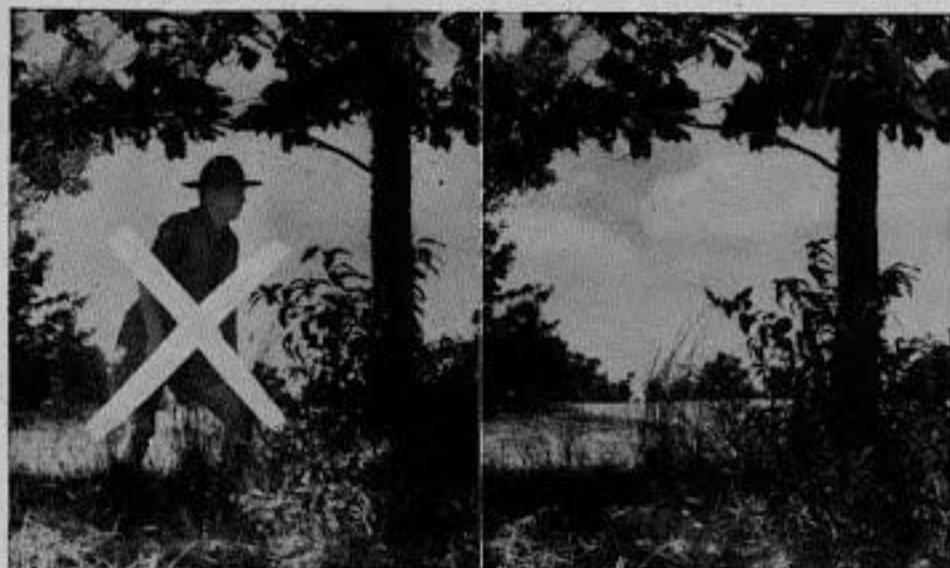
Silent motion is particularly important at night. Put heel down first in grass, toe down first on rocky ground.



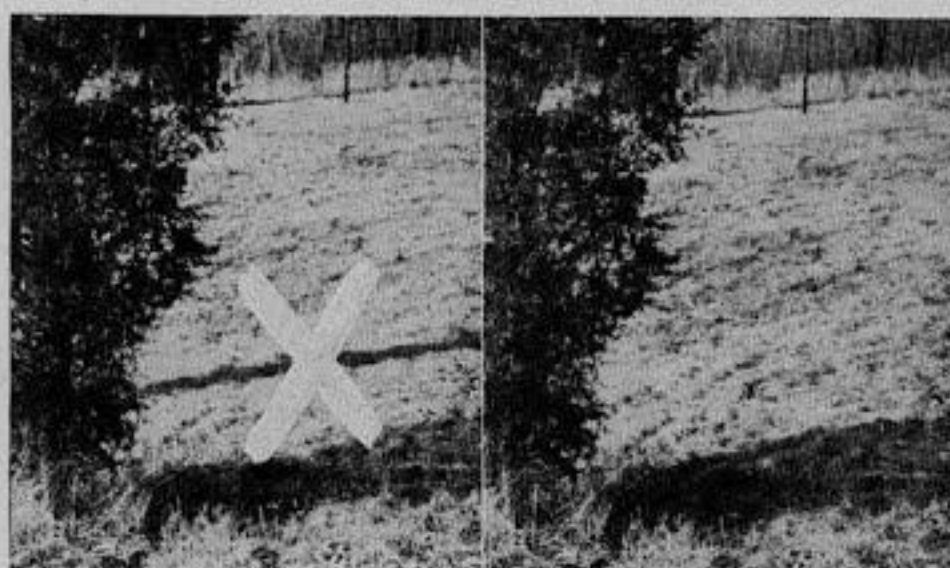
A stalker suit is easily made. Following the pattern of a pair of pajamas, cut burlap to shape. Sew. Paint a broken pattern of dull violet-black, dark yellow-green, dark reddish-brown.



Even when out in the open, the fellow in a stalker suit is hard to see. Imagine how he disappears when he advances in a crouching position.



"REMEMBER YOUR BACKGROUND" comes next. Pick a background to fit the color of your Uniform. Never show yourself against the sky. You will stand out in silhouette.



Your shadow may prove your worst enemy. You may think yourself hidden, but it may give you away. Stick close to your cover so that its shadow blends with yours.



Your position depends upon the distance from your quarry. Far from it you crouch.



As you come closer you may go into a cat crawl, moving on all fours. Keep your back flat, head and buttocks low.



Close to the quarry the flat or belly crawl is the safest. Draw one leg up, dig it in, straighten it, pushing yourself forward.



"TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ALL ITEMS OF CONCEALMENT." A tree, a bush, a dip in the ground are good. Do not look out from the side of a tree but from a low position.



Never look over a rock! Look around it, close to the ground. When you move to the next place, "MAKE USE OF THE WIND." The rustle in grass and leaves will cover the noise.



A white "fog" behind the camouflaged figure is to remind you that even in a stalker suit you must "Remember your background."



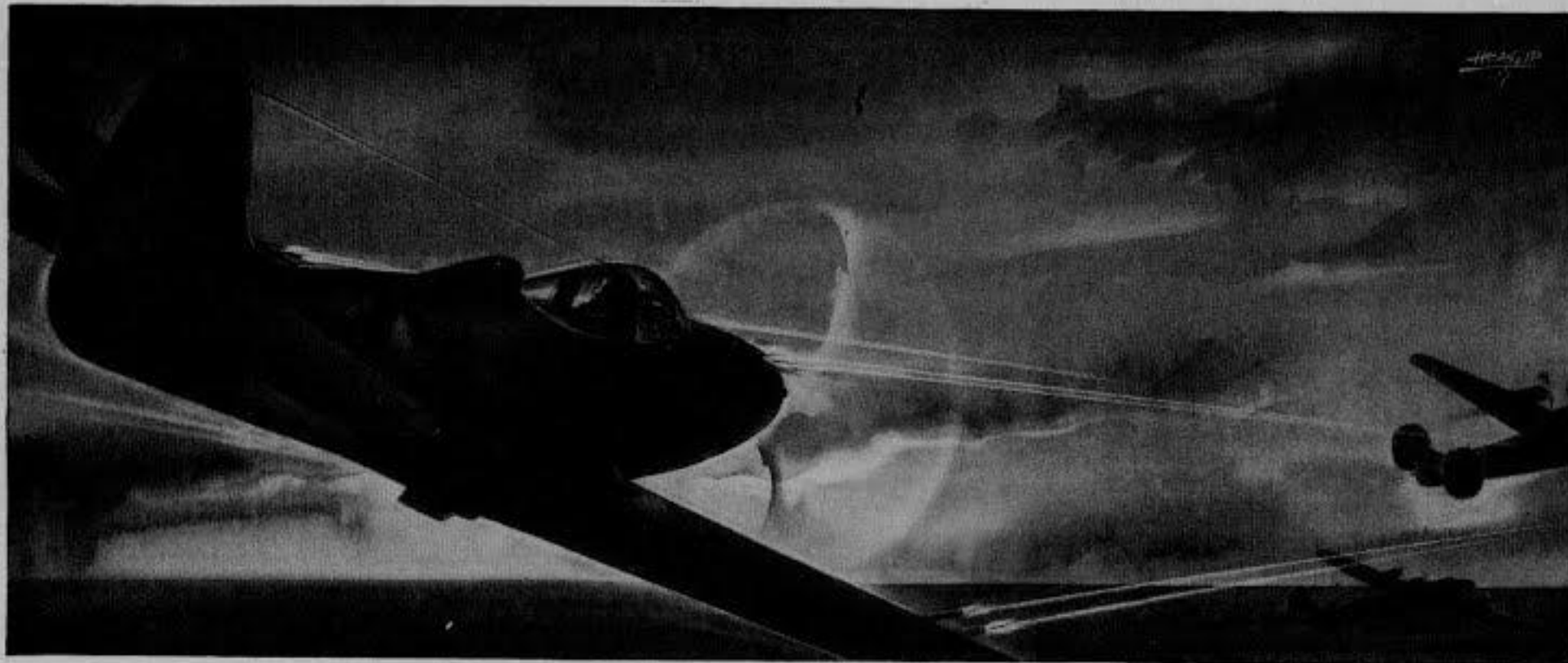
Horizontal threads of stalker helmet at the eyes are removed.



Camouflage your hat with leaves, face with dull brown streaks.



For winter use, make suit of sheet, helmet of large white towel.



Ahead of him stretched out the blazing red fingers of the tracers from all six guns

Dusk can be treacherous for a flying fighter with a quick trigger finger

Attack Error

By **RICHARDS PARKER**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HEASLIP

HE KNEW what they were thinking, even before he cut the switch and the engine gave its final cough. The bomber had come in before him; they knew what had happened.

The hot Australian dust, churned by his swift landing, swirled up in the darkness behind the service men as they wheeled the heavy, bullet-shaped Alracobra into the black nest under the camouflage canopy. He pushed open the door to his cramping cockpit, unfastened his belt and parachute, and climbed out on the wing. The sergeant brought up a lantern then and he could see their faces—set, impassive poker faces. They condemned him before he had spoken a word. While they worked swiftly, silently, in the darkness, he felt their unspoken challenge, their hard hostility that displaced the usual cheery attention to his needs. There was no reassuring banter tonight.

"Your ship all right, sir?" was all the sergeant said. He answered shortly and walked over toward the headquarters tent. Behind him, on the long landing strip that was no more than a wide swath in the Australian scrub, another pursuit ship came in, roaring past him at half throttle in its terrific landing pace. It taxied off into a dispersal strip. Over on the other side he could see the glow of lanterns around the bomber. He could not bring himself to walk toward it.

Had he been too quick—criminally eager for the fight? He had asked himself that question a thousand times, on the long ride back from that rendezvous at sea.

He had been up over the little coastal town, practicing maneuvers, when he got the message from the fighter sector command. He was alone, in the clear afternoon sky, getting the feel of the new Alracobra that had taken the place of his old, beloved P-40. It was good flying weather and he liked the new ship, liked her speed and solid hardness, liked the reassuring strength of the automatic cannon whose trigger thrust out from the top of the control stick. He had dived and was pulling up hard when the flat voice of the interceptor commander spoke in his earphone.

"Attention, Green Flight, Beechwood. Two unidentified bombers proceeding toward Moonomba at four thousand feet. Fly sixty-two, repeat sixty-two, intercept at four nine point one two, six two point one nine. Fifty-five minutes from field. OK, Green Flight, go ahead." Quickly he made notes.

He heard the answer of the Green Flight leader, from the field. "Green Flight to Nine P S. All right. Taking off." That was Lieutenant Roberts, leader of the third flight of his own squadron. He called his own reply into the microphone.

"Captain Randolph to Nine P S, and Green Flight. Am proceeding alone from twenty-four point six one, forty-five point three six, to interception. Meet you there, Green Flight."

Already, instinctively, his careful hands had set the swift ship on its course. When he first looked at the compass it read fifty-nine degrees; he was at ten thousand feet and the air speed read two hundred and twenty. He let the ship fly itself while he pulled the folded map from the baggy pocket by his knees. He studied the coordinates lined on the map while his eyes made rapid periodic checks on the instrument panel. He calculated his interception course, changed his direction to fifty-eight degrees, began to lose altitude slowly as he sped out to sea.

HIS watch said 5.02; he should make the interception by 5.54. He would drop to eight thousand and stay there. Green Flight should make interception by 5.52; he would have to make allowance for interruption on the bombers' course when Green Flight hit them. He could make it himself in good time and be in for the kill.

He checked off his assets. It was his first mission in the Alracobra but he knew he could fly the ship. He thought of the deadliness of the 37 millimeter cannon in the nose, the six machine guns ready to spout from the wing fronts. He would aim the machine guns, get the tracers pointing into the enemy ship, and then, only then, cut loose with the cannon; he would have to conserve every cannon shot, when there were only fifty rounds all told.

He settled himself into the hard job of waiting, waiting, while the muffled thunder of his engine carried him toward the target. It was hard not to maneuver with the stick and pedals a little, just to relieve the tension. He clenched his fist on the stick without shifting it, hunched forward in his seat. He rechecked his course calculations, swept the dials and pointers with his eyes, looked at the horizon and at the water below him.

The sea looked smooth from this altitude, dirty gray and quiet. It was getting dark faster than he had realized. Darkness would be complete only a

few minutes after six. He thought about the boys in Green Flight. They were new, only three months out of flying school; this would be their first combat mission. He was glad that it should be an easy one. Joe Roberts could lead them through all right.

But—the darkness! The baffling, blotting darkness! A wave of apprehension flooded over him. Those new pilots—how could they land their Alracobras on an unlighted, narrow landing strip? It would be completely dark before they could get back from the mission, even if they did not have to make a chase. They had had only a few hours in the new, dangerous ships. Landing at well over a hundred miles an hour was a tricky business even with the best of conditions. One man of the newly formed squadron had already been killed, through the minutest of errors in landing judgment. The boys in Green Flight wouldn't have much chance, making their first night Alracobra landings after their first fighting mission. Some of them were almost sure to get killed. He'd have to send them back. The bombers—he could handle the bombers himself. Those twelve Zeros he had got in the Philippines had taught him a lot of tricks. And Jap bombers were easy game compared to Zero fighters. He could get the bombers, and if he couldn't, they could send up some of the old hands from the 22nd at the town airport. He turned the radio switch.

"Captain Randolph to Green Flight. Captain Randolph to Green Flight. Go on back to the field and land immediately. Calling Nine P S. I will go ahead on interception."

There was an acknowledgment from Joe Roberts, in a disappointed tone of voice, and a pause before the fighter sector answered. He knew they were following his reasoning. The answer came in a moment.

"Three P S to Captain Randolph. Go ahead. Green Flight, return as ordered. That is all."

NOW it was his own game, alone. He shifted forward once more in his seat, anxiously scanned the sky ahead of him. His watch played sluggard for seeming hours before it finally told him that he was nearing sight of the enemy bombers. It was hard to see, ahead and below; the dusk was getting thicker, despite the red glow from the horizon. He looked down over the leading edge of his wing. He saw nothing but the void of air and water, the two elements alike in gray dullness. The bombers might have changed altitude by now.



There was a blinding crash and total blackness engulfed him

SUDDENLY he saw them, two dim, tiny shapes scudding across the gray world beneath him. His watch said 6.54; it was a good interception. He gripped the stick hard, kicked the pedal; the rocketing Airacobra whipped into a tight turn. There was that hard, heavy sensation that he had grown to like, then the turn was completed and he was flying above the bombers on the same course, well behind them. He swerved a couple of times, from side to side, watching them. He knew that they hadn't seen him. They held steadily on their course, one echeloned behind the other, in silent flight far below. He must be careful not to overtake them before he went into his dive.

He reached forward and checked his gun switches, threw them into firing position. He cleared the right and left machine guns, said a quick prayer that the 37 would answer his first demand. He pushed the stick forward and as he settled into his dive he lost his fine exhilaration, was seized by a cold efficiency which erased all sensation and left him a mechanical, utterly precise and efficient fighting machine.

The bullet-like Airacobra screamed down through the deepening dusk, muffled though it came to him he knew the roar his engines were making; yet he knew too the bombers below could hear nothing of it. He was traveling half as fast as sound itself; only two more seconds before he was upon them but the cold precision of his senses stretched those seconds out and made each of them an interim by itself, while he prepared instinctively for the climax. Closer—closer—at six hundred miles an hour! Now was the time!

He sighted over the nose of the ship, squeezed the lower button on the stick. Ahead of him stretched out the blazing red fingers of the tracers from all six guns. Out and on, for the barest fraction of a second, they blazed their way toward the target. Time to press the top button, to pour cannon shells into the black enemy plane until she burst in the air and whirled to the ground in fragments. His thumb tightened.

Then the terrible, cold shock struck him. As quick

as light he released the triggers, jerked the controls, did a snarling wing-over past the tail of the bomber before he dropped off by himself in the darkening void. In the instant that his thumb readied to push the cannon trigger he had seen the painted insignia on the fuselage of the big lumbering bomber. While his tracers flung their vicious fury into the very heart of the monster plane, he saw, not the red circle of Japan, but the red and white circles of the Royal Australian Air Force.

TOO late to stop his bullets now. With a sickening fear gripping the pit of his stomach, he zoomed the Airacobra up again to the level of the bombers, tried to see what harm he had done. There had been no answering shot from the bombers' turrets, and the great ships continued on their way as though they had not even seen him, nor felt his attack. Their navigation lights flashed on. They knew who he was, what a mistake he had made. He hovered above them, feeling a helplessness that (To page 32)



Swinging their cutlasses the first of them swarmed over the rail

The Shores of Tripoli

By **HAWTHORNE DANIEL**

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT D. JOUSSET

Lord Nelson called Stephen Decatur's act "the most daring of the age"

MIDSHIPMAN JACK HALE looked out across the rail of the ketch *Intrepid* at the ancient Sicilian city of Syracuse, and grumbled at his luck. Here he was, on his fifteenth birthday—January 12, 1804—assigned to duty on a miserable little ship that had recently been captured from the pirates of Tripoli when, above all other things, he wanted to serve aboard the *Constitution* which lay at anchor a quarter of a mile away.

What use, he wondered, was the *Intrepid* anyway? Here he was, in charge of her—"Captain" Hale, the other midshipmen called him when they laughed at his assignment—but with only an anchor watch aboard. Yonder lay the *Constitution*, tall and strong and fast, with her great masts and wide spars, her sturdy hull and her powerful battery of 24-pounders. Under Commodore Preble's watchful eye she was kept in the most perfect condition, too, as was proper for the pride of the United States Navy. And here was the *Intrepid*, not so very much larger than the *Constitution's* long boat.

Jack shook his head. His "command" didn't amount to much, certainly, but in the week since he had come aboard he had seen to it that she was cleaned and polished far beyond anything she had

ever known before. Her rigging had been set up taut. Her sails were furled as accurately as were those of the *Constitution* herself. Her decks were holystoned, and even her bilge, which had been as foul as only a Tripolitan pirate's bilge could be, was as clean, now, as that of any ship in the fleet. The *Intrepid* might be a craft of no consequence, but under the command of "Captain" Hale she was better than she had ever been before.

He looked out across the Great Harbor and tried to imagine the almost endless centuries through which this portion of the world had lived. Phoenicians had sailed their trading biremes into this very harbor. Ancient Greeks had followed, and had made this city one of the great centers of the Mediterranean. Carthaginians had come next, and then the Romans. And now even the Romans had been gone for fifteen long centuries, and here stood Jack Hale, a midshipman in the navy of the United States of America, a country so new that Jack's own father had fought in some of the battles that had made the country free.

It seemed odd that a boy who had been born in Saybrook, Connecticut, and who had never been out of sight of America's coast until three months before, should now be on board a prize of war taken from turbaned pirates; should be looking across the smooth water at one of the oldest cities in the world. And, no doubt, it would have seemed odder still if, so soon after he had arrived on the Mediterranean station, he had been given a billet on the *Constitution*. That handsome ship—the finest frigate, so the sailors said, in all the world—gave him a feeling of

pride, and the flag that waved so lazily in the light breeze made him feel at home even amid these otherwise strange surroundings. He would like to be assigned to that great ship, but he supposed it would take some doing.

He saw the *Constitution's* officer of the deck come to attention and salute, and wondered if Commodore Preble was going ashore. But then he caught sight of a cocked hat above a handsome young face. Surely, that was Lieutenant Stephen Decatur, who commanded the schooner *Enterprise*.

The lieutenant returned the salute, ran down the accommodation ladder to the small boat that was waiting, and ordered her shoved off.

Jack had heard the news of Lieutenant Decatur's proposal only an hour before, and it troubled him. Decatur could do it if anybody could, but it sounded impossible, even for so able a sailor.

HE THOUGHT of the depression that had descended upon the whole fleet when word had come that the frigate *Philadelphia*, second in the whole fleet only to the *Constitution*, had run aground on an uncharted reef just outside the harbor of Tripoli. Her crew had tried desperately to get her off, but it was hopeless. She had been captured, and even now Captain Bainbridge and every one of the officers and men of his crew were prisoners of the Bey of Tripoli. But more than that, the Tripolitans had warped the *Philadelphia* off the rocks, had recovered the guns that had been jettisoned, and now had the ship in commission again—in commission and manned by a fierce crew of turbaned pirates who might, with so



"Get out the oars men, there's not enough breeze to get us out to sea"

important an addition to their fleet, make it impossible for Commodore Preble to defeat them in this war to free American ships from piratical attacks, and to release American sailors, merchant sailors as well as Naval men, from Tripolitan slavery.

The loss of the *Philadelphia* had been a serious business, and Lieutenant Decatur had gone to Commodore Preble the day before with an idea. He had volunteered to take the *Enterprise* into the harbor of Tripoli in an effort to capture the *Philadelphia* and take her out from under the very guns of the forts.

But how could the little schooner do that? She was a good deal larger than the *Intrepid*, of course, but she would be immensely outgunned and her crew enormously outnumbered. She would be recognized the moment she appeared on the horizon, and would certainly be overwhelmed. For not only was the *Philadelphia* herself much more powerful than the *Enterprise*, but the forts of Tripoli mounted scores of heavy guns, and the harbor was filled with pirate craft, all armed and manned and ready for a fight.

Jack shook his head. It didn't make sense. But then, the *Philadelphia* simply had to be retaken or destroyed. And Jack couldn't see how it could be done unless—

HE STRAIGHTENED up. There was a way. A better way. It would be dangerous too, of course, but it stood a better chance of success than the suggestion Lieutenant Decatur had made.

He looked over the rail again, and saw the small boat from the *Constitution* heading toward the *Enterprise*. Her course would lead her almost under the stern of the *Intrepid*, too.

"So much the better," he thought, and went aft.

Lieutenant Decatur seemed in no hurry, and sat at the tiller looking thoughtfully ahead, his mind, perhaps, on the plan he had suggested.

"Ahoy, the long boat," shouted Jack as the boat approached. Decatur looked up.

"Midshipman Hale's respects to Lieutenant Decatur," shouted Jack. "And will the lieutenant please come aboard?"

"Hello, Jack," shouted Decatur in reply. "What's on your mind?"

"I'd like the honor of a few minutes of your time, sir," replied Jack.

"Coming aboard," shouted Decatur, and brought his boat up beside the accommodation ladder.

A LITTLE over a month had passed since that day in Syracuse Harbor when Jack had invited Lieutenant Decatur aboard the *Intrepid*. The idea had seemed entirely practical when he had suggested it, but it did not seem so now, despite the improvements Decatur had added. The *Intrepid*, crowded far beyond her limits of comfort with seventy-four men and boys pitched endlessly in the Mediterranean waves. For a full two weeks they had been crowded together in the little craft, and for ten days of that time had been fighting the storm that had burst upon them at the very moment when they had arrived off Tripoli. In company with the brig *Siren*, they had anchored in the dark just outside the harbor entrance, but luck had been against them. A gale had swept out of the desert, bearing with it vast clouds of desert dust, and had driven them off shore. Ever since the sixth of February they had been struggling against that terrific storm. But now on the sixteenth the *Intrepid* alone was approaching the harbor of Tripoli once more, and all signs pointed to a calm night.

Jack took a deep breath. It was a desperate business they were about to attempt.

"Well, Jack," said a voice from behind him. "It won't be long now."

He turned and saluted Lieutenant Decatur.

"No, sir," he replied. "I hope we succeed, sir."

Decatur smiled.

"The idea still seems sound to me," he remarked. "Certainly we'll get into the harbor without trouble. Just as you said, they are bound to take us for one of their own craft."

"But where is the *Siren*, sir?" asked Jack.

"Hull down over the horizon," replied Decatur, "and I'm glad of it. She might give us away. They'd recognize her by the cut of her topsails."

He laughed.

"It was your idea," he went on, "that we should tackle it alone. What do you want the *Siren* for?"

Jack shook his head. His expression became serious. "If we can do it alone, sir," he replied. "I'd rather she'd stay off shore. Are you still going to try to tie up, alongside the *Philadelphia*, sir?"

"That's the idea."

"Do you speak their heathen tongue, sir?"

"No. But Salvatore Catalano does," replied Decatur. "That's why I asked for him. The people of Malta have traded in these waters for centuries and so they speak the language. And Salvatore is a pilot beside. He knows the harbor here."

THE sun sank slowly in a yellow haze of dust blown from the desert by the storm that had just passed, and a mile to the south lay the rocks that marked the entrance to the harbor. Broad on the starboard bow they could see the city with its sturdy walls and its minarets. Along the waterfront, in the gathering dusk, they could make out the tangle of rigging that marked the shipping in the harbor.

Everyone aboard was searching eagerly through the dusk for some sign of the *Philadelphia*, whose tall masts should soon be plain among the lesser rigging of the Tripolitan craft. As yet, however, they could not make her out, though the great bulk of the "French Castle," of the "Maltese Castle," of the harbor gate, and the arsenal were plain even in the half light. The "New Battery" and "Fort English" were visible, too, off to the east of the city.

"We'd better get under cover," remarked Decatur half to himself.

"Down under the bulwarks, men," he ordered. "Salvatore, take the wheel. Get a line ready at the bow and another at the stern. And I don't want more than half a dozen men to show themselves."

He went forward, inspecting his preparations, ordering the men to crouch lower under the protection of the rail, looking over their cutlasses and pistols. He went aft to where a small boat was being towed astern, and beckoned to Jack.

"Remember what I told you," he remarked under his breath. "You'll take two men in the boat, and lead the bow line to the *Philadelphia*'s fore chains. Then get back aboard the *Intrepid*."

He looked about.

(Continued on page 27)

"The Killer Throw"

By C. Ward Crampton, M. D.

Kill or die! Protect yourself, preserve your own life and your loved ones. Hunt game, bring in the meat and live. These are the rules that the human race was raised on. Trace them back to the time just before the first stone hatchet was invented. Throwing contributed much to man's success and advancement in that wild world. Study it. To a surprising degree it is still an element in our present day fighting and survival. In our games too, baseball, basketball. It is instinctive. We like to throw. Go back and trace its elements and progress from the beginning. There is more to it than you think. Take an exciting episode in the life of the young hunter-fighter of the Pleistocene period:

DJAK waited until the wind waved the grass in front of the rock so he could move his head enough to see a young deer, an oryx, as he nuzzled at the root of the tree twenty yards away. Djak was tense, he was hungry. He had crawled and stalked for an hour after an almost entirely meatless week. Times were hard, game scarce and there in front of him was thirty pounds of Pleistocene venison. He hoped and he planned. He clutched his weapon, a rock, that was all he had but it was carefully selected, just the right size, shape and balance. Spears had not yet been invented and arrows were long to come.

He had often considered tying the rock to the end of a short stick for throwing purposes and hitting at close quarters. Some day he would do it and then he would be the inventor of the original stone hatchet, the young Edison of the Eolithic age. A triumph matching the great discoveries of electricity, steam and the wheel itself. There he lay, with the oryx twenty yards away. He was a marksman. His speed was terrific. He was the prehistoric Bob Feller. He got the name Djak from stories of his hunting feats told around the fire by the folks who had seen him. How the rock had struck its mark just behind the ear, eye and horn of the deer with a sharp, crashing smack! that could be described as djak! So, that is what they called him, Djak. He brought home the venison. He won his name. A justly popular, vigorous, promising, fighting, husky lad. A credit to his progressive clan.

As he hid behind the rock he calculated. He could not use a long arm full-

bodied throw. He would have to jump to his feet and by that time the oryx would be zig-zagging forty yards away. It would be better to use a full arm half lob from where he knelt. It would be slower and harder to control but it preserved the essential element of surprise. Djak's arm and hand came back slowly to his hip. There, when the oryx moves to that next tuft, as he sticks his nose down it will be perfect. R-e-a-d-y! NOW!!!

Did Djak get his oryx? It all depended upon his perfect performance. There were four essential things behind that throw. Let us study them. First; **MUSCLES**—The throwing muscles must be strong and lithe, trained by throwing and what is more, other woodland muscular action in climbing, digging, shoveling, fighting. Second; **BODY MECHANISM**—behind the throwing arm are hundreds of muscles and bones from top to toe, and in addition lungs, heart and other organs supporting them, the "service of supply" (just as in the Army). Third; **SKILL**—there is skill, long practice, and self-teaching, study, trial and error in throwing under menacing but rewarding wild wood conditions. That is part of Scout training, it prepares for anything. Fourth; **WISDOM**—behind the throwing is woodland wisdom. This is called into play in three stages: (a) the hunting that led Djak to discover the deer, he knew where such animals would likely be discovered, (b) the stalking, crawling up to the deer within striking distance without being seen or heard; and (c) the range-finding calculation of the distance to throw and the time to throw. These things were all behind the rock that crashed down on the head of the oryx—these things are also behind the hand grenade that is thrown into the enemy fox-hole. Let us examine the matter more closely.

The Throwing Arm

The whole arm throws. The trunk acts as the gun platform. In all effective throwing the fingers follow through especially in the case of the hand grenade. The wrist also flips forward (see picture 6). Finger flick and wrist flip are worked by the forearm muscles, for there are no muscles in the wrist. The ball or grenade rolls off the ends of the fingers as in a straight-

pitched "rise" ball. You do not twist the wrist as in pitching a curve in baseball. The wrist flip adds power, direction and distance. So, you must develop it. First; increase the flexibility and range of movement. Put the elbow on the table before you, fingers up. Turn the open hand back until the finger tips nearly touch the shoulder. Now, suddenly release the fingers and flick the fingers forward. Place a small stone on the finger ends and see how far you can flick it. If you place it low on the palm of the hand it goes only one-half as far. See how much advantage the finger flick gives you. Be sure to follow through the finger action every time.

Other exercises for wrist and finger action in throwing are described in our Special Baseball Coaching Sheets.

Back of the finger wrist action is the elbow extensor action. As the throw begins the elbow straightens very much like the short arm "peg" of the catcher who throws to second to catch the base stealer, but as the throw proceeds the hand goes higher in the air (as in the shot-put) because the grenade must lob up and over instead of shooting straight to the mark. This action is accomplished by the triceps muscle, which is used in all hitting, pushing and shoving. You train it by practicing "Push ups"; as follows: Place the hands on the floor. Jump the feet backward. Now let your chest touch the floor and then push up arms length. Body straight. You should do one push-up for every year of your life three times a day until you are old enough to vote. The major and minor pectoral muscles (pectus-chest) come from the front of upper chest and pull the upper arm forward and around in front. You use them in both pull-ups and push-ups. Another shoulder forward shoving muscle is the *Serratus Magnus* (Big saw-tooth) so called because it has fleshy fingers attached to the ribs under arm which you can see for yourself. These muscles give power and precision to all hit and throw. It is also trained by push-ups.

The Deltoid muscle on top of the shoulder is used every time you raise the arm sideways, forward or backward. It is trained by raising the arms overhead. Slap the palms together, or better, the backs of the hands as they do in

(Continued on page 22)

A sequence of photographs taken at West Point for the "Scholastic Coach," showing method of instructing cadets in the technique of throwing a hand grenade, from the time the pin is pulled to the completion of the throw just before the thrower drops flat to avoid bursting fragments.





- (1) **CONTRACTOR**—Fourteen-year-old Roy Harrover, Junior High School student of Nashville, Tenn., turns over 11 scale models of the "Vengeance" dive bomber as part of his "war contract" with the Vultee Aircraft Corp. Roy's models are very accurate.
- (2) **HONORABLE DISCHARGE**—George B. Holle was discharged from the Marines in San Francisco when it was discovered that he was only 12 years old when he enlisted in Eau Claire, Wisc., a year ago. George still wants to become a Marine later.
- (3) **SKI CHAMP**—The Roosevelt Ski Cup at Bear Mountain was won by Arthur Devlin, 19-year-old Lake Placid boy who is joining the Air Corps. He defeated the best.
- (4) **FIRST MEDAL**—The President pins the first Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal on Edwin F. Cheney, former Scout of Yeadon, Pa., who rescued several shipmates.
- (5) **27,000 TOOTHPICKS**—These were used to build a ferris wheel by Raymond Hudachek, 18-year-old New Orleans schoolboy who has an unusual building hobby.

- (6) **MINIATURE CIRCUS**—Billy Mattison, 15-year-old Scout of Madison, Wisc., adds another piece to the very complete back yard circus he has been building for several years.
- (7) **ARCHER**—Corporal Lorain R. Houser is a motorcycle instructor at Fort Riley, Kansas, but in spare time he likes to demonstrate the Indian lore he learned as a Scout.
- (8) **BIG BROTHER**—George F. "Buzz" Beurling, 20-year-old Canadian Ace, returns to Ottawa to be greeted by his brothers David, 5, and Richard, 10. Buzz shot down 29 enemy planes and was himself badly wounded in the heroic British defense of Malta.
- (9) **OFF TO COLLEGE**—Chubby 11-year-old Kenneth Wolf is off to his second year as a student at Western Reserve University. His grades included "A" in chemistry and math.
- (10) **STRAIGHT "A" ATHLETE**—With his \$2400 Westinghouse Science Grand Scholarship Paul Teschan of Shorewood, Wisc., studies chemistry at Carleton College. In high school Paul won his athletic letter before graduating with a straight "A" average in his studies.



THE SCOUT WORLD

Edited by— **James E. West**, Chief Scout Executive



Milwaukee Fund gets \$438 from scrap rubber



Explains machine gun to Troop 9, Harlingen, Tex.



First St. Louis Air Scout Squadron builds models

MILWAUKEE Scouts turned their scrap rubber collecting activities into a two-way Good Turn. They added to Uncle Sam's vital stock rubber pile and had Scout William Sutherland of Troop 71 represent them by handing \$438 in checks to the Community Chest.

When Troop 9, Harlingen, Texas, visited the Army Gunnery School in their community they inspected a .30 caliber Browning machine gun and toured the post escorted by a military guide.

There are now over 2,025 registered Air Scouts, both in Squadrons and in Air Scout Patrols of Boy Scout Troops. Squadron Leader O. L. Elbring heads the first Air Scout Squadron at St. Louis, Mo.

The Emergency Service Patrol of Troop 13, West Palm Beach, Fla., built its trailer equipped with a tent, stretcher equipment, cooking gear and first aid supplies. Over the radio they told how they built the trailer and how they would respond in an emergency.

Scoutmaster E. A. Seaman, Sr., of Troop 20, Houston, Texas, and his family take to Scouting in a big way. Not only is he an Eagle Scout but so are his three sons (L. to R.) James, Everett, Jr., and Clifford.

One of America's outstanding scientists, Dr. Irving Langmuir, winner of the Nobel Prize, although busy in the war effort, finds time to present Eagle Badges to Scouts of Troop 24, Schenectady, N. Y. He is Honorary President of the Schenectady Council which once awarded him the Silver Beaver for distinguished service to boyhood.

When J. Paul Loomis, **BOYS' LIFE** writer, who spent most of his life in the Northwest, made his home in Santa Barbara, Calif., Troop 4 invited him to be their dinner guest and were thrilled when he told of his experiences with the Royal Mounted Police.

One room of the Watchung Area Council's new headquarters at Plainfield, N. J., was set aside as a memorial to the late William D. Murray who was a charter member of the National Executive Board of the Boy Scouts of America and spent more than 50 years working with boys and young people.



San Antonio, Tex., Scouts aid city's war fund drive



Troop 13, W. Palm Beach, Fla., tests emergency gear it made



Scoutmaster Seaman and sons of Houston, Tex., all Eagles



Dr. Irving Langmuir, noted scientist, long active in Schenectady, N. Y., Scouting, presents Eagles



Troop 4, Santa Barbara, Calif., host to J. Paul Loomis, **BOYS' LIFE** writer



Dedicate room to William D. Murray at Plainfield, N. J., Scout office



Lists Boston Scouts in Armed Forces



St. Paul, Minn., Scouts meet tests as defense aides



Peoria, Ill., Cubs get 676 lbs. keys



Troop 67, Kansas City, Mo., hands out 1,400 apples

THIS year Scouts, the country over, were asked to read President Roosevelt's greeting over their local radio stations. War time duties did not permit the President to follow his usual custom and address Scouts personally on their Organization's birthday.

The Roll of Honor was designed by Paul Giambarda of Troop 37, Roxbury, Mass., who has already listed on it 236 Scouts of the Boston Council who are now in the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard and on merchant ships. He adds names as more Scout-trained men answer the call to the Colors.

Several hundred St. Paul, Minn., Scouts successfully completed the Civilian Defense Messenger training course recently conducted by their police and fire departments during which they heard talks on fighting fires and gas attacks. Judge Carlton McNally presents the first messenger arm band to Scout Clarence Schiller of Troop 191.

Major E. E. Spainhower thrilled Peoria, Ill., Cubs with a ride in an Army jeep just before they opened their campaign for unwanted keys for salvage.

Word traveled quickly at Kansas City, Mo., when Troop 67 began handing out big red apples to service men who passed their stand in front of the city's canteen. It wasn't very long before 1,400 apples were gone.

The Glee Club of Pack 19, Los Angeles, Calif., made 29 public appearances in 1942 before Army camps, disabled veterans, the State Guard and at Red Cross benefits, stressing the purchase of War Bonds and Stamps. With other members of the Pack they helped sell \$182,730 worth.

Robert Paterson of Troop 29, Welsh, La., although crippled by infantile paralysis, turned in models of five pursuit planes and three bombers to the Lake Charles, La., Army Flying School which judged his the best of hundreds turned in by Scouts. He and Sea Scout Bangle Scott, also of Welsh, La., listen intently as Major Lanson D. Mitchell inspects a model.

There's lots of scrap metal lying in ravines, abandoned farm areas and in the open country. Troop 26 of Homerville, Ga., found a considerable quantity near their home.



Pack 19, Los Angeles, helps sell \$182,730 Bonds and Stamps



Lake Charles, La., Army School gets Scout-made models



Troop 26, Homerville, Ga., rounds up a lot of farm scrap

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

February 8, 1943

FELLOW SCOUTS AND SCOUTERS:

Today, with the Nation at war, we observe the thirty-third birthday of the Boy Scouts of America. The job of winning the war and assuring a decent and lasting peace is the concern of every American.

I heartily approve the slogan adopted for the Boy Scouts for 1943 - to "Toughen Up, Buckle Down, Carry On To Victory". I am informed that to date more than three hundred and twenty-seven of those who have been decorated for heroism by our country have been identified as having had Scout training. The leaders of our Armed Forces in Training Camps and on the battlefronts have emphasized the value of Scout training in developing knowledge and skill, as well as courage, self-reliance, resourcefulness and initiative which are proving to be so essential in our determination to win the war.

I have always been a staunch believer in Scouting and now in time of war, as your Honorary President, I urge everyone connected with Scouting, boys and men, to see to it that Scouting is maintained at its full strength and effectiveness as a practical contribution to the war effort.

Certainly those who help to make boys physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight in these times deserve the appreciation of all who are leaders in America. I am confident that full cooperation will be accorded leaders of the Boy Scouts of America who are dealing with a most important aspect of our manpower problem.

So I bring greetings on this the thirty-third birthday to all the members of the Boy Scouts of America and say: Reach out and make it possible for every boy who wants to be a Cub or a Scout to have a meeting place and the necessary leadership as a service to your country. Carry on. Make your slogan for 1943 - "Toughen Up, Buckle Down, Carry On To Victory" - a definite and vital part of all of your activities.

Franklin D. Roosevelt



200 Baltimore Scouts helped Navy place recruiting posters in last year's drive

CARRYING ON TO VICTORY!



Did you ever build a TRANSPORTER on one of your pioneering hikes? Well, try it some time. Crossing a fifteen-foot river on the top of a Scout Transporter is one of the most exciting pioneer stunts you can imagine.

SPRING is here! Betcher life it is! Can't you feel it in your bones? Doesn't the sensation make your blood tingle, your toes itch, your heart beat faster?

Doesn't it make you want to get out—out on the open road, out in the wide open spaces?

The first day of spring is Sunday, March 21.

What about making the day before, Saturday, the Close-enough-to-the-First-Day-of-Spring-Hike for you and the gang? Make it a real *Exploration Hike*, with everyone of you on a sharp lookout for things around you. Observation is the key note.

Look at those trees! Do you see the slow change of color that has taken place since your last hike? Notice those swelling buds! Study the catkins of alder and willow and hazel.

Are there any plants coming up? You'll be surprised when you scrape away the dead leaves and see the teeming life under them. Visit the marshy ground where the skunk cabbage is forming its dunce caps over the ground. Too bad somebody gave that plant its uninviting name. Just study one of them! There's beauty aplenty there, with colors varying from purple through green to yellow.

How many birds have returned from warmer climes? Even in our northernmost States, March may bring those "harbingers of spring," robins, red-winged blackbirds, bluebirds, song sparrows. You may even be lucky enough to see a dark wedge of geese winging their way overhead on their long northward trek.

Animals? See those tracks in the soft dirt: Skunk. And here are those of a woodchuck. Plenty of squirrel and rabbit tracks.

There's loads to see on the first spring hike provided you have those big goggles of yours wide open.

Buckle Down to Some Advancement

Now, if you are smart (and aren't we all?), you'll use your spring hiking program to step up advancement in the Patrol. No place like a Patrol hike to get the fellows going.

So here's a frank question:

"How is your personal advancement and the advancement of your Patrol?" Or shouldn't I ask?

It always makes me sad to meet a Scout who has been in Scouting a year or more without bothering to get beyond Tenderfoot Rank. Not that Tenderfoot Scouts can't have just as much Scout spirit and be just as good Scouts as fellows of a higher rank, but because they are cheating themselves out of a real thrill in Scouting: The thrill of advancement, the fun of practicing and mastering all the skills that go into the making of an out-doors-man.

So, buckle down, old fellow! Set a goal for the whole Patrol, then go for it! Let's get something accomplished before summer comes along.

There is usually no reason why, if you are a Tenderfoot or Second Class Scout, you shouldn't be a First Class Scout, and even have five Merit Badges before July; if you are a First Class Scout, a Star Scout; and if a Star Scout, a Life Scout, on your way to Eagle.

There are fellows right in your own Patrol and your own Troop who will be willing to help you and by helping you, will themselves be on their way toward the top!

Put First Aid First

And talking of advancement, First Aid, as you can imagine, is one of the most important of all the requirements today for war preparedness.

You know what first aid means to our men at the front. But think also of the men and women in our factories,

Hiking with GREEN BAR BILL

on our farms, doing their part for the war effort. An accident, an injury improperly treated, may mean the loss of numerous hours that could have been directed toward winning the war.

So get your gang up to scratch on their First Aid. Here's a swell way to do it and have a grand lot of fun at the same time.

Divide them into buddy teams and have them go to it. When they can handle a project that way, break up the teams and let each fellow treat himself. Yes, I said, *treat himself*. PERSONAL First Aid is an important kind nowadays.

Not just because you can take care of yourself in an emergency and thus can release skilled first aiders to care for others, but also because you'll get considerably more training out of putting a proper dressing and bandage around your own elbow with one hand, for example, than you will from fixing up somebody else's elbow with both your hands.

The only place where personal first aid would be a little hard is for suffocation. There is a slight possibility that you may find it rather difficult to bring yourself back to life by giving yourself artificial respiration.

Give Them Projects

And while we are on First Aid: The best way to maintain interest in the subject is to place your Scouts up against staged cases time and time again during the instruction part of your Patrol meetings.

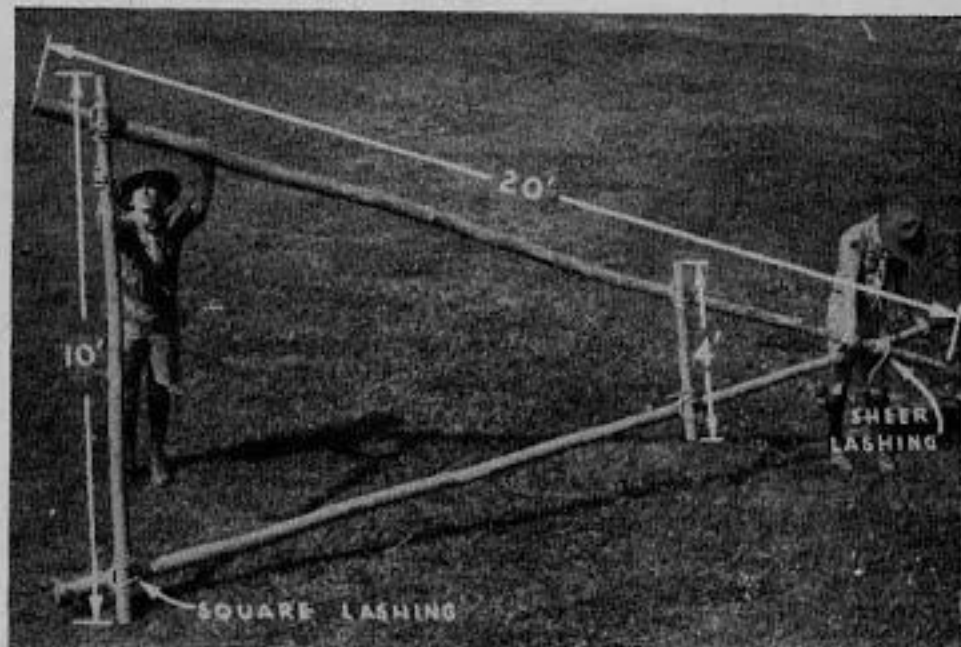
Such as this, for instance: You hear a call of "Help" from the next room. The Patrol pours in and finds one of the fellows with his right arm bent up and fist closed. "Broke a glass and cut an artery in my hand," he explains. Sure enough, blood (water in this case with a little red dye for realism) is dripping from between his fingers.

Or: A boy stumbles into the den, dragging his foot after him, falls down in a chair. "Turned my ankle. Gosh how it hurts!"

Or: Scout lies on the floor, one arm under him. "Please, p-l-e-a-s-e, don't touch me. I think my arm is broken."

Or: You step outside the door, then drag in a fellow, apparently lifeless, and announce: "I found him in the garage. He had the car running, with all doors closed!"

How will your Scouts handle those situations? Better divide them into two groups, each under a leader, and start them off. (To page 34)



The transporter is built from four 2"x3" poles. You need two poles twenty feet long, one ten-foot pole and one four-foot pole. Lash them together as indicated with five fifteen-length pieces of rope. Fasten middle of fifty-foot rope to top of transporter.



Ready to go across? Place feet of transporter in middle of stream. First fellow steps on upper cross piece. He's pushed up with a pole, then gently lowered on the other side with the rope. The transporter is pulled back. Next fellow over!

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR GUNS AND AMMUNITION

What to do with guns by Old Hank

- ▶ "First thing I always do, of course, is to make sure there aren't any shells or cartridges left in the chamber or magazine of my gun.
- ▶ "Then, since I use Remington ammunition with that Kleanbore* non-corrosive priming, I just wipe the gun off with an oily rag to keep it from getting rusty. It's a good idea to wipe off the stock, too, and put a drop or two of oil in the action.
- ▶ "Of course, if the gun has been out in damp salt air for some time, or if it's fallen overboard or gotten soaked in the rain or snow—then the barrel and action need a good cleaning and drying, and a light oiling.
- ▶ "When you put guns away, put 'em in a dry place away from too much heat—and be sure they're not cocked, for that's tough on the main spring. And it's a good idea to inspect 'em from time to time for signs of rust.
- ▶ "And remember, if you've got any questions about care of guns, or repairs, see the fellow in your town that sells and services 'em. He'll either know the answers or know where to find 'em.

What to do with ammunition

- ▶ "From the way some folks talk about ammunition, you'd think it was some delicate stuff that had to be coddled as carefully as a new-born babe. I confess I don't always take the best care of it myself. Many's the time I've hung up a wet hunting coat with ammunition in the pockets—and they've both dried out right well, and the ammunition has shot all right later. But it would have been better to take that ammunition out of the pockets. ▶ In my experience, the important thing to remember is to store ammunition in a cool, dry place, say in a good box in some closet. Of course, ammunition should be kept off of damp cellar or garage floors. You can't go wrong being mighty careful how you take care of things these days."

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Remington Arms Co., Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Factory stocks of sporting arms and ammunition are exhausted. So, for the present, conserve what you have!

THOUGH modern sporting firearms and ammunition are made to withstand a reasonable amount of severe treatment, they can be ruined by neglect. Keeping your rifles and shotguns in good condition is simple if you go about it the right way.

Furthermore, ammunition will stay "fresh" indefinitely if you store it properly.

So, with "make it last" a more important habit today than ever before, "Old Hank" is offering some advice on the care of guns and ammunition which you may find helpful.

War Salvage Notes

Save your empty shot shell heads and cartridge

cases, and turn them in to your local scrap metal collection agencies. They contain salvageable brass. Only two shot shell heads, for example, will supply enough brass to make a case for a sub-machine gun cartridge.

Save waterfowl feathers (up to 2½ inches), and the down, for use in servicemen's cold-resistant coats.

Save excess animal fats for use in making explosives. And save hides, too. Contribute them to the war effort through local channels. They're useful in making certain types of servicemen's clothing.

Remington Aids for Gun Care

Ask your local Remington dealer for Remington

Advertisers in BOYS' LIFE will gladly furnish information upon request

Oil, Grease, Rust Remover or Powder Solvent. Remington Oil contains Du Pont Extreme Pressure Lubricant for lasting adhesiveness and film strength. Remington Gun Grease gives an effective protective coating when laying a gun away for some time.

Use Remington Rust Remover to clean off rust spots before applying oil or grease. Remington Powder Solvent removes powder residue from the bore or action of rifles, shotguns or pistols.

Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Remington

DU PONT



A TREK cart is a mighty handy thing for overnight or any other camping trip. It leaves the Scouts free and unhampered with packs, and also provides a dry place off the ground for food and other things. The idea is not so much in making a fancy affair as it is to make a usable and serviceable cart.

Wheels and axles are, of course, the main thing. If you live in the country or rural sections you can pick up an outfit at an auction or perhaps your blacksmith can help you out. In the city, of course, you will find it easier to get automobile wheels and axles.

Whichever you use should be cut down first. A piece should be taken out of the middle of the axle as the ordinary tread of buggies and automobiles is too wide for easy handling in wooded sections. About 10 inches can

usually be taken out. The axle may then be welded or it can be lined up correctly and bolted securely to the wagon box. Garage men or blacksmiths can help you out with that part of your construction.

Springs have been eliminated to keep down the height, thereby keeping the cart from being topheavy.

This cart can be pulled from either end. As shown in the drawing, it is pulled with the rope only and steered from the rear with the pole. The order

can be reversed by simply running the rope the other way, and putting a couple of half hitches around the pole. Then the steersman will also be in the front. For rough going the former method is best.

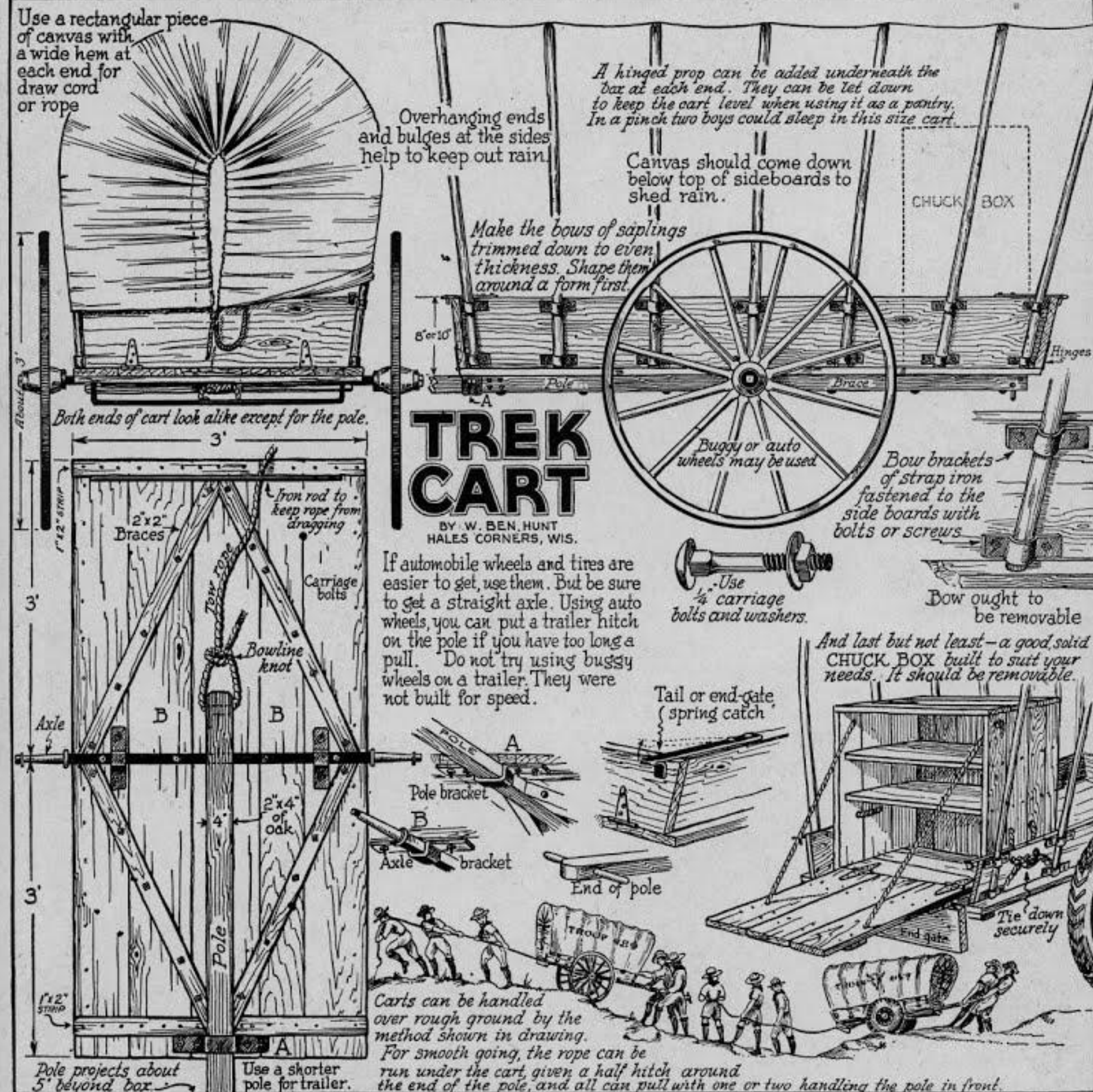
At present canvas is scarce, but probably you can find some unused pup tents and sew them together. The cart can be painted a dark green or tan, and your troop name and number can be painted on the canvas. That part is up to you. You can even try camou-

flaging to some extent. It would be best to have your cart as inconspicuous as possible for more reasons than one.

In winter the bows and the wheels can be removed and the whole outfit can be stored in a small space in a garage or barn, or it can be put on a bob-sled and used for winter hiking and camping or salvage drives. The trek cart is going to be more important from now on anyway because you Scouts are going to do more walking and will have to trek your equipment to camp more than you formerly did. There will not be so many handy trucks or family cars in which to pile your outfit and roll you merrily out into the country. But best of all you Scouts will now have an opportunity to be "on your own" to feel the thrill of the old pioneers who used such carts.

Trek Cart

By W. BEN HUNT



Captain Rickenbacker

(Concluded from page 4)

rapidly diminishing supply of gas, those illusions multiply tenfold.

Our radio operator started pounding out the SOS and kept it up for a solid hour. In the meantime, we started cruising on only two engines to conserve our supply of gasoline and dumped out everything in the way of tools, mail, equipment and baggage, everything we could pry loose—regardless of its value.

Indeed, it takes just such a moment to make one realize how worthless are the material things of life. Our men on the fighting fronts have all come to know this, too—as I shall presently tell you.

WE GOT ready for the crash. We knew if we hit the top of a swell, we would go down with the plane. But we were fortunate enough to hit the bottom, which gave us a chance to abandon the ship.

We did not know how much time we had so we got out as quickly as possible, taking care only to launch our rubber raft boats and get into them.

We did not take time to save even our rations and once free of the plane, we were afraid to go back for them for fear of going down when the ship sank.

Colonel Adamson got a sprained back in the crash and Sergeant Kaczmarczyk went overboard when the two-man raft turned over. Unfortunately, he swallowed some salt water and was violently seasick for several hours and never really recovered.

We ran into a five day calm, which left the ocean like a mirror. It was beastly hot. Most of the boys had thrown away their shoes, socks and hats, and suffered intensely from the heat. In those long twenty-four hours of each day and night, no one was ever really comfortable.

We had no rain until the eighth night. We saw nothing in the way of planes or ships. We had saved only four oranges. We lived those eight days on them—and they were scrawny oranges at that. I would carve each orange into 8 parts, very conscious of the fact that seven pairs of eyes were watching intently this simple, but all important operation.

Johnny Bartek, in my rubber raft, had an army issue Bible in his pocket, and the second day out we organized prayer meetings in the evenings and mornings. We took turn about reading passages. We prayed for our deliverance.

After the oranges were gone and terrible pangs of hunger gripped us we also prayed for food. Seven men are my witnesses that within an hour after the prayer meeting when we first prayed for food, a sea gull flew in from nowhere and landed on my head.

I caught him, wrung his neck, used his innards for fishing bait and divided the remainder equally around. No part was wasted. We ate head, body, and bones, all were delicious.

We were able to get barely enough water for sustenance by replenishing our stock each time we ran into a rain storm.

Usually, mariners try to avoid a black squall. But we made it our business to get into it. We had no experience in catching water but we soaked up our shirts, socks, handkerchiefs, and then wrung the water into a bailing bucket.

The storms brought more than welcome water. They brought cold winds. Colonel Adamson was ill, and Sergeant Kaczmarczyk's condition became critical. To shield him from the cold at night, I moved him over into our rubber raft and cuddled him into my arms, like a mother would a small child, to give him the warmth of my body.

On the night he died, he asked to get back into his small raft. I have never heard a sound which affected me so much as his last gasp of life. And when, in the morning, we stripped him of clothing—lifted him overboard gently—and he disappeared into the ocean—I had completed one of the hardest jobs I have ever had.

I learned more about six men than any one else in the world knows. Any sins of omission or commission were confessed. We were seven men not without hope, but grimly aware that we hovered between life and death.

ON THE seventeenth evening, we saw our first sign of life—a single engine plane about five miles away. As it sank behind the horizon our hearts sank with it. The next day, we saw two more planes. They also missed us.

The following day there were four of them but they also passed us up, two on either side.

But it was heartening to know that the Navy and Army Air Forces had not given up the hunt. However, we realized that we were a tiny speck on a mighty big ocean.

On the twentieth night, reluctantly, we decided to split up on the theory that to give the Navy and Army Air Forces several tiny specks on a wide ocean might result in saving some of our lives. I knew there were three of

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UNCLE SAM COMES FIRST
with you and with us. Please have patience with temporary delays and shortages due to our war production.

BASS True Moccasins



"There's a place about 11 miles up where I think you can turn around"

our party who could hardly last more than another forty-eight hours.

If some parts of our days and nights on the ocean seem like a nightmare, our rescue by the Navy still seems like a dream. I shall be eternally grateful.

In just two weeks, through the cooperation of Mr. Stimson and General Arnold, there was a new ship and crew sent out from the States, so I could accomplish the real purpose of my mission.

I got into New Guinea for a close-up look at our boys there. You simply cannot know—and unfortunately I cannot tell you for obvious reasons—just what a tremendous job our men are doing there.

Nor is there any way for me to convey to you adequately the hardships they are undergoing and the bravery they are displaying.

Everything our fighting forces do in New Guinea is done the hard way.

Everything in the way of transportation is by air, troop movements, gun movements, ammunition, supplies, evacuating the wounded.

And all of this under the most adverse conditions.

But our officers and men are working night and day. They know they have a difficult job but their only thought is to get on with it, to get at the enemy and conquer him.

This is a tougher job than most of us understand. The Jap is no funny little man to our boys, who must kill or be killed in facing him.

The Jap is a tough enemy, able and willing to endure great hardships, who believes in the victory of Japan, and is quite willing to die for Japanese war aims.

One encouraging note is the fact that our great program for training combat pilots is beginning to pay dividends.

With experience, our flyers are constantly improving. The air battles in the Pacific areas I visited are more and more allied victories, because of superior American pilots and superior American planes.

The Japs, on the other hand, have not been able to replace the first line pilots they have lost. More and more, they are playing this grim battle of the skies with what we would call second-stringers.

But they still have the advantage of being many miles closer to their bases, which makes their job easier than ours.

I should mention, particularly, the fine work of the P-38's in the New Guinea campaign. The P-38 has proved itself there.

I get choked up when I think about our men on Guadalcanal. They live and die and fight in a veritable hell-hole. If you could only know what the boys on Guadalcanal are doing for us and future generations, you would find it as hard as I do to enjoy the comforts of home this Sunday afternoon.

Our Army, Navy and Marine airmen are risking their lives every day to blast enemy ships, shoot zeroes out of the skies, and drop bomb loads on enemy installations.

Our fighters are beating the enemy about four and five to one and the B-17's are scoring somewhere between nine and ten to one.

They are achieving these results for us despite almost indescribable difficulties. Because this is war these conditions cannot be changed.

And the job has got to be done. In my opinion, the reason our men have endured in these far-away regions is due, principally, to the stimulus of their combat success and their inborn belief that the vast resources of America are being marshalled to support them as they give their all: on a round-the-clock-round-the-calendar basis.

Speaking as a private citizen to my fellow citizens, I plead for additional effort, an all-out, total effort, to the end that we may increase the production of planes, ships, guns, ammunition, and all supplies that our fighting men must have in greater abundance.

I know that if, through some miracle, we could bring our combat troops back to America and put them into factories and put the present war workers out in the slit trenches and malaria infested jungles of Guadalcanal and New Guinea that within thirty days we would see our production doubled.

And I know that if those of you raising cries of objection to being rationed could visit the battlefields, as I did, you would realize the utter shame, the infamy of your position.

I could not help but think of the fact that the old rubber in one old tire was enough to make two or three of those rafts which saved our lives and which are saving the lives of our airmen every day.

I believe I have been saved by a Divine Providence but not for my life alone.

I am deeply conscious that one mission I have is on behalf of the men I saw in Guadalcanal and New Guinea and the other battle areas all over the world, where your sons, brothers, husbands and friends are fighting for you and me.

If I can help you understand that more is required of each of you as individuals—more—and more—until you are equalling the efforts because you can never approximate the sacrifices our men are making on the battlefronts.

If I can only help you understand that—then I will be able to enjoy the first Sunday afternoon I have spent at home in many weeks.

And only through your efforts can our men on the many battle areas around the world fight with absolute confidence of victory.

"The Killer Throw"

(Concluded from page 14)

the army, (keep the chest and head high). Test deltoid efficiency by the endurance test used by Professor Chittenden in his research on the effects of diets on United States soldiers at

Yale. The soldiers hold their arms straight out to the side as long as they can; those who had fresh vegetables in the diet held their arms out nearly twice as long as the meat eaters. How long can you do it? Three (3) minutes is good, ten minutes is exceptional.

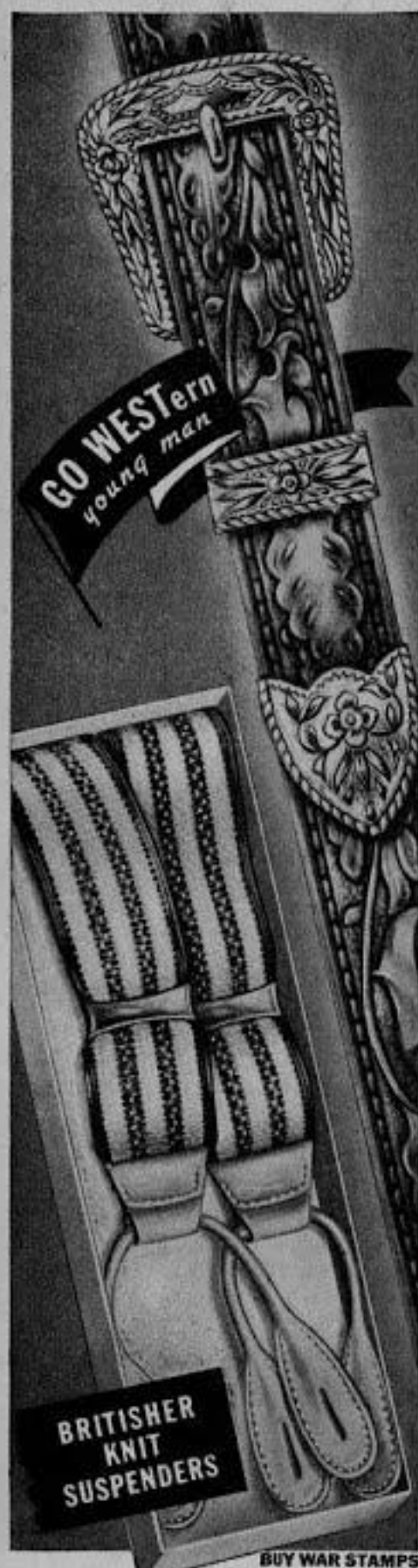
There is more to the muscle story. Those of the trunk are employed to make the gun platform solid. Trunk rotation adds power to the throw. This is important to the baseball pitcher (see baseball sheets). Every throw must be gauged, you must estimate the distance or you won't hit the mark. You must "get the range."

Range Finding

IS IT twenty yards, twenty-one or nineteen yards from Djak's throwing arm to that horned, bright-eyed, alert skink of excellent food, the oryx? Djak measured with his eye. He did just as we are trained to do in Scouting, he got the range in three ways by judging: (1) the size of the object itself, (2) the size of the object in comparison with familiar surroundings, a bush, grass, rock and tree, (3) by the movements of the animal. You judge the distance to the enemy in the same three ways. All this is done by instinct made better by training and practice. Of course you have to know your rocks, trees, grass and bushes. You must know also that distances look different under different circumstances. You will be inclined to over-estimate distance (1) when the eye is close to the ground (2) over broken ground, (3) when the object is in the shade or partly obscured. Things look nearer when (1) the sun is behind you, (2) looking over level ground, (3) the sun is behind you and the water is in front of you, (4) the object is higher or lower than you are. (See 1st Class requirements for more of this.)

If the enemy camouflages, he "obscures the object" and tends to deceive the range finder. Animals have learned this. They mimic their surroundings for concealment protection, and the fighter in the jungle does the same. The lion is tawny like the arid plain, the crossbars of the coral snake break up the eye picture of the serpent, the tiger is striped like tall grass sun-shadowed, and the Marines with mud-smeared faces and moss painted helmets follow the same idea.

In estimating distance use both eyes.



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Binocular (two-eye) vision is the rule in the successful animal world. In war the principle of the range finder is the comparison of the vision through two telescopes several feet apart, attached to each other like eyes. For coast artillery they are often placed hundreds of feet apart. You get the two angles at the base of an isosceles triangle and can calculate the distance from your included base line on which your sixteen inch gun is located, to the apex, your range to the enemy (you must know your geometry and trigonometry in this man's war). But in this war, as always, you must get within range before you can shoot. This takes stalking.

Stalking

DJAK had to outwit the oryx. He planned, he used all wood-knowledge, experience, care, shrewdness and patience, to get within range. He did much without thinking but much he did by calculation. He had to come in "down wind" to diminish any noise he might make and of course not to telegraph his scent. He must use cover. He must lie motionless for minutes, hours and move as slow as the sun shadow or as fast as lightning, at the right moment only.

That is the way of all war—not to the swift, not to the strong, but to the wise and the well-prepared. You know the Scout slogan. Djak knew it, "Be Prepared." So Djak had a thousand generations of skill and years of experience. He used them to bring up his weapon to striking distance. You can practice the same thing on any wild animal (or a Jap).

Uncle Dan Beard told me how he crawled up on a Bucks County deer, stalking him for two hours while his whole Scout Troop watched him. He caught the deer by the tail and showed me a half dozen hairs to prove it.

It is the same now in New Guinea. As a cat stalks up to within jumping distance to employ the weapons of claws and teeth, we stalk up to get within weapon range of the enemy. As

the savage crept up to range of arrow, blow gun or javelin, we bring up our 155's on gun carrier or tank. We mount a ten-inch gun on a railway carriage, a sixteen inch gun on a battleship, an eight thousand pound torpedo on an airplane to get up to range. This is a principle of war—get your weapon up to striking range—tooth, claw, bayonet, rifle bullet and bomb. Behind this, however, is an essential preliminary:

Hunting

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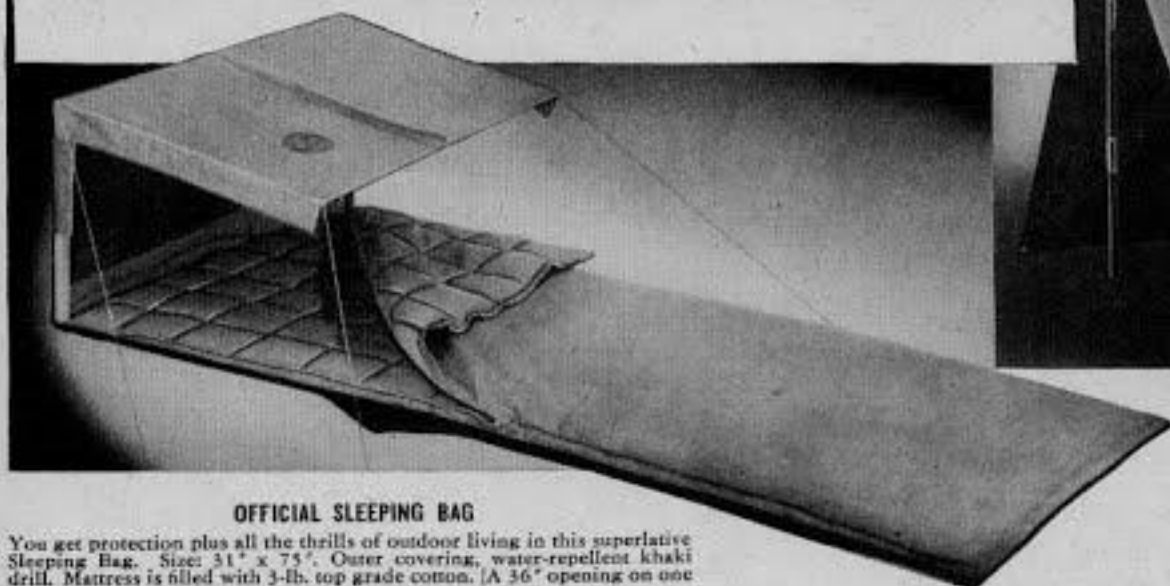


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Renfrew at Retribution River

(Continued from page 7)

"It's bad," said Mike. "Esau's got a fractured skull, but Doctor Underhill believes he can save him. Doc Underhill's like a detective. He could tell just how the wound was made."

"We know that," said Dunston. "Esau fell from a ledge and struck his head on a rock."

Mike stared at him.

"That isn't what the doctor said!" he cried. "He said—" Mike's eyes fell on Cheecash and his voice stopped abruptly.

"What did he say?" asked Renfrew.

"That Esau had been hit by some wooden object, bound with metal. He thinks it must have been the butt of a heavy rifle!"

There was an astounded silence.

"Murder!" grunted Dunston.

Cheecash leaped to his feet and poured forth an excited diatribe in Dog-Rib dialect. Renfrew quieted him.

"You have nothing to fear," he said.

"A murderer does not run himself nearly to death to save the man he tried to kill." He turned to the wall and examined the map of the district. "No men to spare," he said reflectively; then suddenly swung around upon Dunston. "I'll investigate this myself," he said. "I'll start back with Cheecash tomorrow morning. Mike, you claim to be a good trail man. You will come with me."

"Good!" cried Mike. "I'll be ready!"

But Dunston frowned. "It should be my job," he said.

Renfrew clapped a hand on the sergeant's broad shoulder. "It will be your job," he said, "to hold the district in hand, till I get back!"

SIX days of travel up the Retribution brought them to the Dog-Rib settlement at the mouth of the Otter-tail: the same village from which Cheecash had made that swift race for Esau's life in sixty hours. But Renfrew had visited every trapper along the way; and there had been hardships of springtime travel. For three days the thermometer fell. The river ice froze so deep that water, dammed by the settling mass, flooded up through cracks and air holes and spread over the surface in pools of slush that quickly hardened to form the worst kind of a trail.

Arduous hours were spent treading out a pathway for the dogs. Each day, after an eight or ten hours' run in the invigorating cold, hours more had been spent making a camp warm enough and tight enough to ensure a night's sound sleep. Either cold or exhaustion can be bitter enemies to a man on the Arctic trails, and working together, they can kill.

But as they approached the Dog-Rib village on the Ottertail, they were suddenly and violently reminded that the treacheries of spring were not the only hazards they had against them. It came in a sudden, explosive scream—the high pitched shriek of a bullet that whined dismally above the clatter of the shot that fired it. They didn't see it strike, and uncountable echoes concealed the source of the sound, but Cheecash reeled back from his place in front of the sled and came close to Renfrew, his eyes glittering with fear.

"Are you hit?" cried Renfrew.

Cheecash shook his head dumbly.

"It went by me," he whispered, "like that!" He skidded the palm of one hand across the other in a vivid gesture.

"Get in!" snapped Renfrew. "Under the bank!"

They ran the team in under the high ledge of the river bank and whipped up

to the Dog-Rib village with their dogs at full run and the sled runners screaming on the ice.

They pulled up at the cabin of Alix To-ron-jo, who was also known as Many-Birthdays, because he was the oldest man of the tribe. He stood outside his door with a small crowd of Indians about him; and, seeing how most of them drew respectfully back from Alix and the few men who stood beside him, Renfrew knew that this was a reception committee of the chief men. They had received word that he was coming.

He walked forward, with Mike a few steps behind him, and shook hands with Alix, whom he had known of old. Alix invited him into the cabin, he and the others standing aside ceremoniously to let Renfrew and Mike enter.

Renfrew turned to call Cheecash and saw a strange thing. Cheecash stood beside the dog team, rigid as a statue, and gazed upon the people of his village as if they were strangers to him. They, in their turn, gazed intently at Cheecash, like children gazing on a strange animal in a zoo.

"Cheecash!" called Renfrew. "Come with us."

CHEECASH looked at him for a moment as if he had never seen him before then, suddenly turning, he strode away toward the other side of the village. Renfrew almost called him again, more sharply, but he felt a queer tension among the Indians around him—as if they waited with a sort of fearful fascination for him to do something which they at once expected and yet dreaded.

"Come along, Mike," he said casually, and entered Alix's cabin with the boy behind him.

Into the dim, smoky, ill smelling cavern of logs and sod, the Indians filed at their heels. Without speaking they crowded the small, stuffy room until Renfrew found himself standing against the wall facing old Alix To-ron-jo and seven others of the tribe, who waited silently for what the redcoat had to say.

"There has been trouble," said Renfrew gravely, "up the Ottertail."

The Indians exchanged furtive glances.

"You know what it is?" demanded Renfrew. "Speak. And talk straight."

Old Alix spoke, in English, not fluently, but with a fair degree of ease. "You know more about that than we do," he said. "Cheecash went up the Ottertail with Esau. Esau was hurt, and Cheecash took him down to Retribution." He paused for a moment as if thinking over his words. The others

eyed him with almost painful intentness. "Did you put Cheecash in the arrest?" he blurted at last. And now all the dark eyes switched to Renfrew, as if life and death hung upon his answer.

"You know the ways of the Mounted Police," said Renfrew carefully. "If Cheecash was under arrest, would I have let him walk away into the village?"

There was a silence. The Indians shifted uneasily, murmuring among themselves.

"Esau was struck down!" cried Alix suddenly. "Cheecash took him up the Ottertail, and he was struck down. Why don't you arrest Cheecash?"

"Because I know Cheecash had nothing to do with Esau's hurt," said Renfrew clearly. He realized that his words caused a wave of consternation among the Indians.

"It was an accident?" cried Alix eagerly.

"No," said Renfrew. "Esau was struck down."

At that the wave of consternation broke in a babble of Indian voices. Renfrew caught a few phrases of excited dialect and realized that they were chattering in fear of strange and evil forces.

"It is no evil spirit!" he cried, lifting his voice to silence them. "You know that, Alix." The old man gazed at him somberly. "There is some foolish man about here," said Renfrew, "who is bush crazy, or who bears a grudge. He struck Esau down, and he fired upon us as we approached the village. Be wise, Alix. If you know who it is, tell me."

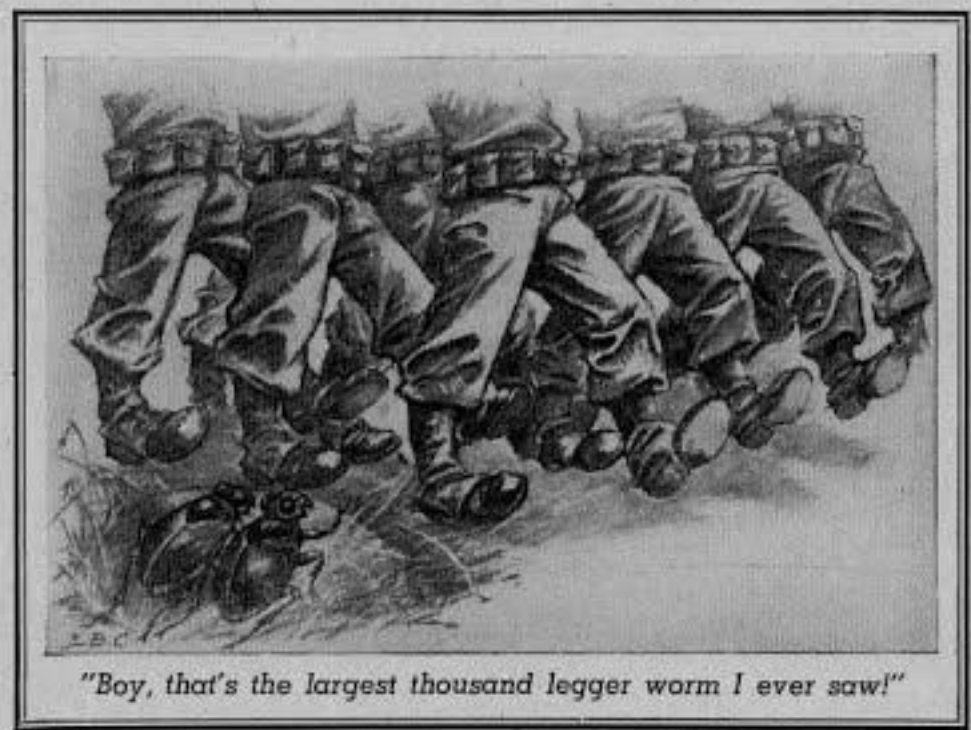
WITH the fear-filled eyes of his people upon him, Alix spoke carefully. "There is no man," he said. "But there are many. Bad things are up the Ottertail. Bad men. They burned the woods. It is evil to go up beyond the place they burned. It is to cut us off from our traplines. Esau went up. They struck him down. Since then there has been thunder up the Ottertail. Thunder in wintertime. That is bad. Evil is up there. Bad. All bad."

Renfrew frowned, knowing how stubborn Indians could be when superstition beclouded their minds. "You talk like a bush Indian, Alix," he said coolly. "I am going up the Ottertail right to its head. Give me a man with a good dog team. He will go with me."

A deathly silence followed.

"No," said Alix finally. "Only good dogs can make the trail across the burned land. No man has such a team except Manuel. Manuel is away."

"Where is he?" demanded Renfrew.



"Boy, that's the largest thousand logger worm I ever saw!"

Again that furtive glance among the Indians.

"Away," said Alix. "On his trapline."

"I'll wait for him," said Renfrew.

They stared at him uneasily.

"You cannot go up the Ottertail," said Alix. "It is bad. No man will go from this village."

"Bad men can make out in bad places," said Renfrew calmly. "Show me the man who fired at me from the river bank. I'll take him with me."

A sudden, fearful anxiety blazed in the old Indian's eyes. He stepped close to Renfrew and spoke in a low and hurried voice. "Find Cheecash," he muttered. "Find Cheecash and take him back with you to Retribution. Quick!"

As if his urgent voice was a cue for a distant actor, it was answered instantly by a high pitched, quivering cry from the village.

Mike grabbed Renfrew's arm. "That yell!" he shouted.

"I know," said Renfrew. "—A war cry. Come on!"

Almost dragging Mike with him, he dashed out onto the snow.

To a chorus of barking dogs and shrill, excited cries from the Indians a battle seemed to be joined within a wide circle of men, women and children out on the ice. Mike caught a glimpse of Cheecash as he grappled with a thick-set man who dashed at him, knife in hand. Cheecash avoided a vicious sweep of the knife, and by a quick swing of his whole body, flung his opponent to the snow. Then Cheecash tried to break out of the circle, but they shoved him back, and the other Indian was up again, weaving toward Cheecash in a crouch, the knife in his hand glittering in the light. He sprang once, and Cheecash dodged. He pounced again, and Renfrew, having shoved his way into the circle, snatched him back. The knife swung upon Renfrew, who caught the man's wrist deftly in one hand and wrenched it down to his side.

"Drop it!" he said.

The hand opened and the knife dropped to the snow.

"Now then," ordered Renfrew. "Talk straight. What is it?"

"Manuel!" gasped Cheecash. He came to Renfrew's side and stared somberly at the thick-set Indian. "He tried to shoot me on the river. He made for me with knife."

"You are Manuel?" Renfrew demanded.

The man gazed at him stonily. "I am

Manuel," he said with dignity. "Esau was my brother. Cheecash took Esau up the Ottertail and killed him. You cannot hang Cheecash. It is for me to kill him. Esau was my brother."

Renfrew thought over this amazing statement as fast as he could. "Now hear what I say," he said. "Esau is not dead. But he would be dead if Cheecash had not saved him. Cheecash ran the two hundred miles to Retribution in less than three days. Therefore, Esau is still alive. It was someone up the river who struck Esau down. I am going up and find out who it was. You will come with me, Manuel, with your strong dogs. You will help me find the man who tried to kill your brother!"

He saw the stony dignity of Manuel's face dissolve in lines of fear. "No," said Manuel. "Not up the Ottertail. Bad!"

Cheecash stepped forward, almost pushing Renfrew aside, to confront the man who had accused him.

"I will go!" he cried in his own language. "You have said I tried to kill Esau. I will go with the redcoat and bring you the man who did it! Then you will know!"

Manuel stared at him for a moment, saw the challenge of contempt in Cheecash's eyes, and answered it.

"I will go, too!" he said. "I want to see this man. I am not afraid of him."

"Fine!" exclaimed Renfrew. "Go get your outfit together. We'll start up the Ottertail before dawn tomorrow."

He turned to Mike. "We'll have you home in a jiffy, now," he said.

"It can't be too soon," said Mike; but he wasn't smiling. His eyes were dark with an unspoken anxiety.

To be continued in Boys' Life for April.

SLED dog lore and exciting episodes involving Sandy Mackay and Young Beaver, his Indian friend, in the Canadian wilderness are combined to make an entertaining adventure story in *HUDSON BAY EXPRESS* by Robert Davis (Holiday House \$2.00). The two boys inherit from a famous dog trainer a magnificent white dog and her puppies, to form their first dog team. They work hard for feed for the dogs, for equipment and for a second team to establish a dog team freight and passenger service. But the story tells of more than their ambition and accomplishment: the boys have a hand in foiling a sabotage plot and take part in a Work Dog Race and rescue an explorer.

entrance, and still a good half mile lay ahead.

Would they be recognized for what they were?

Jack sat tense, gripping the tiller and staring into the gathering night. Not a sound came from the deck of the *Intrepid*, and Salvadore Catalano stood there at the wheel, his shoulders plain against the grey-white of the foresail. Beside him stood Lieutenant Decatur, upon whom rested the responsibility for this desperate adventure.

SO far everything was going well. There was no sign that anyone in the crowded harbor was suspicious of this lone craft that was creeping in so slowly in the dark. But then, the most dangerous moment had not yet come. They must still come alongside the *Philadelphia*, tie up beneath the very muzzles of her guns. If they were discovered even a moment before they were actually beside her, everyone of them—seventy-four men—might be blasted into eternity by a single broadside.

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The Shores of Tripoli

(Continued from page 13)

"You know what you're to do," he added. "Don't fail. I'll tell you when to cast off, but you'd better take your men into the small boat now."

Jack beckoned to the two sailors he had selected, hauled the small boat close under the stern, and followed them into it. Then, as the boat fell astern once more, he took his post at the tiller and waited.

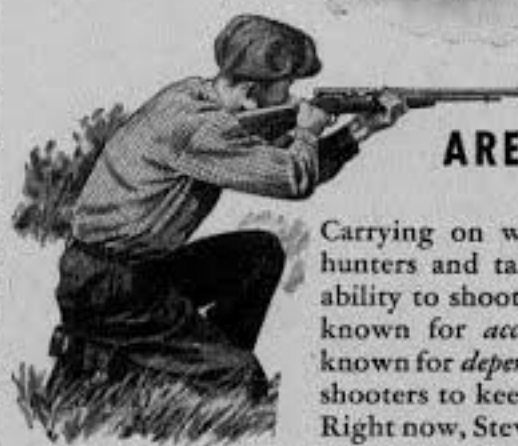
The *Intrepid* glided slowly into the quiet harbor. From the city, a mile or so away, he heard the bark of a dog, and could make out the lights that shone through latticed windows. The clutter of water-front rigging was closer now, though it was vague in the gathering night. And there, towering above the lesser masts beyond her, lay the *Philadelphia*, her spars etched in black lines against the late evening sky.

How slowly the *Intrepid* slipped through the water! It seemed an endless time since they had passed the



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The light breeze fell away still more, and the sails of the *Intrepid* fell slack. Still she moved, but to Jack Hale, at the tiller of the small boat, she seemed almost to have stopped. From the water front came the distant sounds that told of the life of the city. Off to the west the great slanting spars of lateen rigged feluccas stood out against the white walls of the fort. The "New Battery" was directly ahead now, and her guns, black in the wall's embrasures, could easily sink the *Intrepid* with a single salvo. The quaver of a muezzin's voice came across the water from a minaret, and a dog howled from some narrow street within the city.

There lay the *Philadelphia*, hardly a short pistol shot away, and Jack leaned forward tensely. A voice had hailed the *Intrepid*. Had they been discovered?

Salvatore Catalano was the one who answered. Jack could not understand what Salvatore was saying, though he made out a word here and there.

A reply was shouted back, its tone not unfriendly. Later Jack was to learn that Salvatore had told them that the *Intrepid* was a Maltese trader that had lost her anchors in the storm, and had asked permission to tie up alongside. The reply had given him permission.

But now Salvatore was shouting something over the stern. What was he saying?

There it was. Lieutenant Decatur had come aft, and had thrown off the line by which the small boat had been towed.

"Go forward and take the bow line, Jack," he had called under his breath. "Take it easy, boy. No hurry."

"Out oars," ordered Jack in a whisper, and the small boat went ahead close under the side of the *Intrepid*. The heavy line was dropped to them as they passed under the bow, and there thirty yards away, lay the bulk of the *Philadelphia*, towering immensely above them as they approached.

They spoke no word. No need for that. They knew exactly what they were to do, and it was Jack himself who, standing upright in the stern, took a turn with the line about the *Philadelphia's* fore channels where they were made fast to the hull abreast of the foremast.

He was surprised at his steadiness. He took a turn with the heavy line and threw a half hitch—then another and, in order to make doubly sure, another still.

"Shove off," he whispered as he resumed his seat, and, as they moved away, they saw the *Intrepid* swinging alongside the great frigate.

Still there was a chance that the alarm might be given. Still that massive broadside might erupt and splinter the ketch into a tangle of wreckage. Still a dozen yards separated the two ships.

But now his small boat was beside the *Intrepid* once more. A sailor made her fast, and the three climbed over the rail. Forward a couple of men were hauling on the bow line, and now, gently, the little ketch came up against the side of the greater ship.

AT the *Philadelphia's* rail a few curious turbaned figures stood, looking down upon the smaller vessel. And now the rail could no longer hide the waiting sailors.

For a moment the turbaned pirates stared in amazement, and then one shouted.

"Americanos!" he yelled. "Americanos!"

The next moment every man aboard the little craft had leaped yelling to his feet. Swinging their cutlasses the first of them swarmed over the *Philadelphia's* rail. They cleared the great

ship's deck almost at a single dash, and were followed by others who bore tar and resin, oil and shavings.

Down the companionways dashed the shouting, fighting Americans—cutting, slashing, firing pistols. Oil was poured upon the decks. Tar and resin were set ablaze. Shavings were heaped upon the blaze. Men were sweeping the astounded Tripolitans before them—cutting them down—forcing them overboard.

Jack, seizing a quantity of resin and shavings, clambered to the *Philadelphia's* deck and threw his load down a companionway into a blaze that was already licking across the gun deck. He stumbled over the body of a fallen pirate, saw Lieutenant Decatur slashing at another who, his scimitar dashed from his hand by the lieutenant's sturdy cutlass, turned and leaped over the rail into the black water below.



At bow and stern, scores of pirates were fighting, but so suddenly and unexpectedly had the attack come that they were demoralized and unable to organize against it. A score of Americans dashed up to the poop deck, carrying everything before them. At the bow a dozen pirates, thinking only of escape, climbed to the bowsprit and dropped or leaped into the water.

The flames from the gun deck were showing now as they mounted from the hatches, and an explosion—perhaps of a keg of gunpowder—came from below, throwing sparks and burning embers through gunports and hatches. Overhead a furling sail, lighted by the embers, smoldered and burst into flame. Now, from bow to stern, not a pirate was to be seen, save for those who lay where they had fallen on the deck.

Another explosion shot sparks and embers from the main hatch, and the flames, roaring up the rigging, threw their ruddy glare across the smooth water. In their light scores of turbaned figures struggled in the water to reach other nearby craft, and from the waterfront of the city came the cries of thousands of excited people unable to understand what had befallen the ship that they had captured.

Excited Americans were still running up and down the deck, searching for further enemies, seizing what booty lay in sight, slashing the rigging, yelling like made. Jack, overwhelmed by the excitement, by the flames and the explosions, raced back and forward with

the rest. But there was one among that little force of Americans who never for a moment lost his head. His was the responsibility for the success of this enterprise. His was the task not only to do what had been done, but to see, now, to the escape of his ship and men.

He stood in the glaring light of the leaping flames and waved his cutlass aloft.

"Back to the *Intrepid*!" he shouted. "Back, men. The job's done. Stand by to cast off!"

Decatur looked about the blazing deck of the *Philadelphia*. A score or so of pirate bodies lay scattered fore and aft, but not a fallen American could he see. And now, with the last of his men vaulting the rail, he turned to follow. He stepped across to the ratlines of his little ship, clung there and looked about.

ently with whatever orders he may have. In the meantime, let me say that what you have done has been well done."

He turned about and stepped into the smallboat.

"To the *Constitution*, Jack," he ordered, as he took his seat in the stern-sheets.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Jack. "Shove off. Out oars. Give way together."

THE smallboat had lain for half an hour at the accommodation ladder of the *Constitution*. Lieutenant Decatur had gone aboard and had been taken aft to the Commodore's cabin, where, apparently, he had made his report. Jack, meanwhile, sat waiting with his oarsmen, wondering when he might get shore leave for a few hours. But now he heard his name called out by the officer of the deck.

"Mr. Hale."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Report on deck, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir," Jack replied, and mounted the accommodation ladder, saluting as he stepped on deck.

"Report to the Commodore's quarters, sir," ordered the officer of the deck.

Jack saluted again, muttered another "Ay, ay, sir," and went aft, wondering what he would be given to do next.

A marine standing guard outside the Commodore's door saluted and Jack, still wondering, took off his cap and entered.

"Midshipman Hale reporting, sir," he said.

The Commodore turned about and looked him over with a frown.

"Hmph!" grunted the great man. "How old are you, Mr. Hale?"

"Fifteen, sir," replied Jack.

Commodore Preble turned to Lieutenant Decatur.

"Do you mean to tell me," he began, "that this lad, this youngster, was the one who suggested the idea?"

"Yes, sir," replied Decatur. "He was the one who first realized that the *Intrepid*, being a native craft, would not be suspected as promptly as the *Enterprise* or the *Siren* would. My idea might have failed. But my idea and his succeeded very well, sir."

"Very well?" grumbled the Commodore. "Very well, did you say? Do you realize that Admiral Lord Nelson has called your expedition 'the most bold and daring act of the age'?"

Decatur smiled.

"That was very generous of his lordship, sir," he replied.

"Generous?" blustered the Commodore. "Generous? It was nothing but the truth."

"Thank you, sir," replied Decatur.

The Commodore waved his hand.

"Enough of these compliments," he grumbled. "You will return to the *Enterprise*, Lieutenant. There'll be other work for you to do. And Mr. Hale," he continued, "you will report tomorrow for duty aboard the *Constitution*. Our country and this ship can always use young men who have ideas."

THE Mediterranean shore of Africa has been the scene of many events in our history. One of the captains in our wars with the pirates of these coasts was Stephen Decatur. His life, full of adventure and danger, is admirably told by Helen Nicolay in *DECATUR OF THE OLD NAVY* (Appleton-Century, \$2.50) and of that old navy he was one of the great men who set much of the spirit and many of the traditions that governed it. He was interesting as a man, great as a fighter, and once more this coast knows American fighting men.



THINK and GRIN

Edited by Frank Rigney

MARCH into the spring with a spring in your march! Many who were once Scouts are now marching in all parts of the world, marching against would-be world conquerors. Boy! won't there be spring in their steps when the boys come marching home victorious.

In the meantime we can help by springing more surprises for Uncle Sam in the way of bed springs, watch springs, and all kinds of scrap metals.

Oh, we almost forgot that we have got to spring a trap for Old Idle Five Minutes. We've got to junk him. The spring for him should be deep with lots of water in it. Bait our trap with the best jokes you have.

FOR A SPELL

Moe: What you been doing this summer?

Joe: Working in Des Moines.

Moe: Gold or coal?



STEEP STEP

Doctor—What happened to you?

Man—I threw my cigar butt in a manhole and stepped on it.

CROOKED DOUGH

Bill: What's the efficiency expert doing in the pretzel factory?

Tom: Oh, some things need straightening out.

CHANGE FOR KEEPS

Customer: You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy.

Newsboy: I'm out of practice, sir. You see, most of them say: "Keep the change!"

SPENDTHRIFT!

Mrs. MacSandy: I need some money.

Mr. MacSandy: Say, what did you do with the last dollar I gave you?

Mrs. MacSandy: I spent 37¢ in 1936, 40¢ in 1938 and 23¢ this year.

MISSED

"Has fortune ever knocked at your door?"

"He did once, but I was out. Ever since he has sent his daughter."

"His daughter; who is she?"

"Why, misfortune, of course."

GETS A BELT?

Teacher: Is pants singular or plural?

Pupil: If a man wears 'em it's plural.

Teacher: Well if he doesn't—?

Pupil: It's singular.

DIDN'T REFLECT ENOUGH

Hotel Guest: Will you please send up a full length mirror?

Clerk: Why there's a half length mirror in every room.

Hotel Guest: That's just the trouble. Twice already I have come down to dinner without my pants.

DID NOT PASS

Willie: Teacher, why does our principal have a bald head?

Teacher: You never saw grass growing on a busy street did you?

Willie: Oh, you mean it can't come up through the concrete?

HIS CHOICE

There was a typhoid fever scare in town and someone told Jones to boil his drinking water before using it.

"What for?" he asked.

"Why boiling kills all the germs in the water."

"That's not for me," said Jones as he reached for his glass. "I'd rather be an aquarium than a morgue, any day!"

RIGHT, TOO

Scoutmaster: If you stood with your back to the north and facing south, what would be on your left hand.

Tenderfoot: Fingers, sir.

NO CROW

Farmer: You're late this morning.

Farmhand: Couldn't help it. The rooster overslept and plumb threw me off schedule.

FOOTED THE BILLS, TOO

Son: Dad, what's a pedestrian?

Father: A married man with grown sons and daughters and a car.

OFF BALANCE

Nit: What made the canoe tip over.

Wit: A man in it carelessly put his pipe in the corner of his mouth.

LET IT GO

Mo: Did you ever hear the story about the red hot coal?

Ron: No.

Mo: I don't think you would grasp it.

TEE-HEE

Harrison was proud of his golf, and had brought his mother-in-law along to watch him play with a friend.

"I'm particularly anxious to make a terrific drive just now," Harrison told his friend. "There's my mother-in-law over there, and I—"

"Don't be a fool," said his friend, "you'll never hit her from here."



WON AT LAST

He arrived late at the golf club. "It was really a tossup whether I should come here or go to the office," he explained. Then he added thoughtfully, "I had to toss fifteen times."

PROPOSITION

Jake: You should have seen the new altar in our church.

Jessie: Lead me to it.

BOOMING HIM

Bill: Why did you pick the grocer to play the bass drum in your band?

Joe: Because he's an honest man and gives full weight to every pound.

BLANK

Plumb: Did you fill in that blank yet?

Dumb: What blank?

Plumb: The one between your ears.

THAT'S THAT

A: Why is the most discontented man the most easily satisfied?

B: Dunno. Why?

A: Nothing satisfies him.

Advertisers in BOYS' LIFE will gladly furnish information upon request

AFTER THE WAR



WILL YOU BE FISHING FOR FUN OR FISHING FOR FOOD?

If we should lose this war, it COULD be that you'll be fishing for food instead of fishing for fun. And it might be food for somebody else.

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STAMPS

Edited by Franklin R. Bruns Jr.

THE pendulum from defense to an aggressive war has swung completely now, following the announcement of new 1- and 2-cent stamps. Our first philatelic sign of an impending war came on October 12, 1940, with the appearance of three "Defense" stamps having face values of 1, 2 and 3 cents.

These stamps remained in use as the common adhesives of the day for a year, until the changing tempo of popular opinion demanded a change from the defensive to the aggressive, and the 3-cent Defense stamp was replaced by a 3-cent "Win the War" stamp.

Now Postmaster General Frank C. Walker has announced the preparation of new 1-cent and 2-cent stamps, to replace the last of the Defense group. The 1-cent value, commemorating the "Four Freedoms" was scheduled for first day sale at the Washington Post Office and the Philatelic Agency of the Post Office Department on February 12, Lincoln's birthday. It will be distributed throughout the nation as quickly as possible, on and after February 15.

Enclosed in an oval-shaped panel, the central subject of the new 1-cent stamp is a reproduction in bas-relief of Liberty holding the lighted torch of freedom and enlightenment. Below the central design will be a rectangular plaque with white background in which appears the wording "freedom of speech and religion, from want and fear."

On January 14, also from Washington, the 2-cent "United Nations" stamp made its appearance. This value has for its central design a symbol of victory. The stamp is arranged vertically, in the same size as the current postage values, and was printed in red ink by the rotary press in sheets of 100. The design depicts an uplifted palm branch forming the apex of a triangular shaped

the form of a large V. Encircling the eagle were 13 stars and the inscription "Win the War" appeared in a band across the front of the eagle.

Postmaster Walker is now ready to release the new stamped envelopes. The denominations are:

1 cent, 1½ cents, 2 cents, 3 cents, 4 cents, 5 cents and 6 cents, plus a 6 cents air mail envelope.



WHILE on the war, as a philatelic topic, note must be made of the new Free Norway stamps now in use. In view of the fact that the International Postal Convention of Buenos Aires in 1939 agreed that the Norwegian Government had the right to use its own stamps to and from all Norwegian territory, and in view of the fact that Norway's present territory—as agreed upon by the United Nations—is her floating empire, a set of six stamps has been printed by De la Rue & Co., Ltd., of London, and are now being used on mails from sailors on board Norwegian warships and merchant ships on the high seas.

Use of these stamps is, of course, restricted. The tangible symbol of a Free Norway will be welcomed by all the thousands of Free Norwegians outside Norway. There are some 25,000 men sailing hundreds of merchant ships and tankers for the United Nations, carrying vital war cargoes. They man a fleet, which at the outbreak of the war, was the fourth largest in the world.

The six subjects are:

10 ore, blue-green, dedicated to the navy, and showing the well-known Norwegian destroyer *Stetner*, called the "phantom ship," which played a valiant part in the battle of Norway and escaped to Britain.

15 ore, olive-green, dedicated to the Air Force, and showing a Norwegian airplane standing in front of his fighter-plane.

20 ore, red, dedicated to the Home Front, and demonstrating the V-campaign of Norway. Across a Norwegian highway are boldly painted the words, "Vi Vil Vinne," or "We Will Win."

30 ore, ultramarine, for the Merchant Marine, showing a Norwegian ship in convoy.

40 ore, green, for the army, showing Norwegian soldiers on winter manoeuvres.

60 ore, blue, a portrait of King Haakon VII or Norway.

The new postal service was organized by the Norwegian Ministry of Commerce, and the stamps were to have been placed on sale in London as of January 1, 1943.

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Try a mind-reading stunt at your next meeting. Make use of nine copies of BOYS' LIFE

Put Meat Into Your Meetings

VARIETY is the spice of life" said old man Cowper (1731-1800). That goes for Patrol Meetings, too. So here's some spice for you:

Twinkle, Twinkle. . . !

Having trouble with that nature requirement for First Class? Then try this trick. I'll bet your shiny Second Class Badge against my rusty Tenderfoot Badge that it will teach you the star part of Requirement 11 as quickly as you can say "Big Dipper".

Get a cylindrical box—an oatmeal or salt box is ideal. Punch holes in the top, each hole to represent a star of a particular constellation. Put a lighted flashlight in the box, darken the room. It's easy now to study the constellation. Different tops can be put on the box, each top with a different constellation punched in it.

Then, when you are familiar with the shapes, get outside and pick the constellations out in the heavens.

Let It Slide!

We always admire a Scout who has a neckerchief slide with a little originality to it. There ought to be a bit of handcraft at every one of your Patrol meetings. How about each fellow making a new slide at your next meeting? "Choose your weapon"—birch bark, soap, leather, tin, canvas. Have enough material for everyone to make a slide.

When the slide is made here's a stunt for making it unique. Out of adhesive tape cut your Troop number or your Patrol totem, and stick it on the leather. If you make a slide out of light-colored material, use black friction tape. These slides are easy to make and I'll betcha they catch the envious eyes of the other Patrols.

"Basic" First Aid

Ever tried First Aid Baseball? Invite your Senior Patrol Leader to your Patrol meeting and use him as pitcher and umpire. Put three chairs up to represent first base, second, and third. Choose sides, and you are ready to play ball.

The SPL throws the first question. If the batter answers it correctly he goes

to first. The second man up may get a question that is worth a double if answered correctly, such as: "Tell the location of the five main pressure points." If the batter can not answer he strikes out. When three outs have been made the side is retired—same rules as in a regular baseball game, except you use First Aid questions instead of a baseball.

Fun? Why it's just as exciting as a big league baseball game, especially when you get the chairs filled with two outs and the team at bat behind. Try it and see for yourself.

A Bit of Mind Reading

Hey fellows, when it's your Patrol's turn to put on a stunt at Troop meeting use this one. It is also good for Patrol meetings. Get nine BOYS' LIFE covers. Place them on the floor picture side up, three across and three down. Ask one of your gang to be your stooge. "Stoogy" goes out of the room. The fellows choose a cover. "Stoogy" comes back in, and presto—"Stoogy" knows which cover was selected.

Here's the key: With a stick point to a cover, other than the one chosen. Ask "Stoogy" if the cover is the one that was chosen. He can tell which cover was picked from the place where you touch on any cover. For example: If the center cover were chosen you would point on the center of any cover. If the cover in the lower right hand corner were "it", you would point on the lower right hand corner of any of the BOYS' LIFE covers. And so on. . . . Watch the mystified look on the fellows' faces. It's magic!

Closing Up

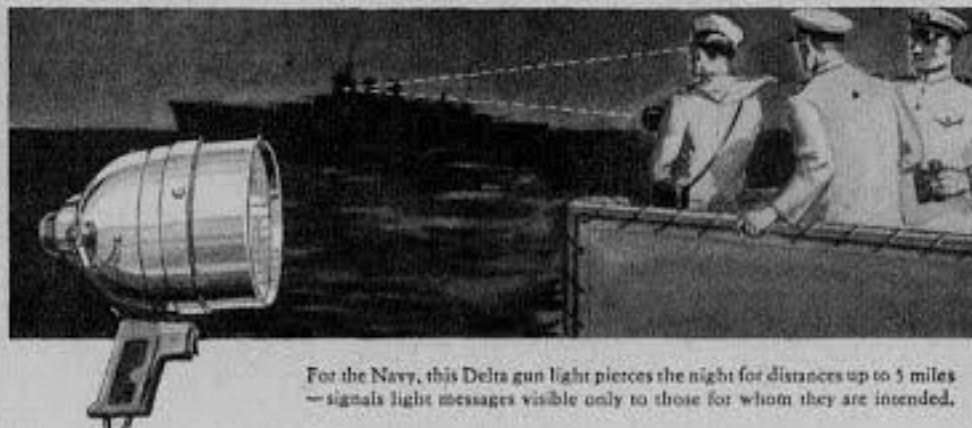
Provide variety in the closing ceremonies of your Patrol meetings. Try this one: Place four candles on a table. Light one. Extinguish all other lights. Join hands in a circle around the candles. Have three Scouts step out of circle, one after the other, each lighting a candle as he recites one part of the Scout Oath. Then, everyone sings "Hail, Hail, Scouting Spirit" or "Taps". Finish up all your meetings with a reminder to yourself of your duties as a Scout.—MARSHALL SPAAN

Splitting the Night

FOR THE NAVY



Here's a powerful, heavy duty Delta lantern that says "there it is" for the Navy and Coast Guard. It's moisture-proof and practically indestructible.



For the Navy, this Delta gun light pierces the night for distances up to 5 miles—signals light messages visible only to those for whom they are intended.

When the war is won Delta Bicycle lights and equipment will be available again to bicycle riders. They'll be improved Deltas too, because of experiences gained in the skill and precision of war manufacture.

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ON ARBOR DAY



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Attack Error

(Continued from page 11)

was insupportable. What had happened to that tail-gunner? He had not fired back a single shot. Had he been killed, or even worse, had he been maimed by those tearing, burning tracer bullets?

The journey back was eternity long. It was worse because he could not make contact on his radio, could not find out what injury he had inflicted. He stayed with the bombers until they had made their wide circles and come in for their landings on the black landing strip, and only then could he bring himself to cut his own throttle and make his approach. He was desperately anxious to find out about the tail-gunner, but fear and apprehension stayed him with an involuntary reluctance.

He was walking across the field now, toward the place where the dust was still settling from the bomber's prop wash. He heard a siren scream and saw the box-like ambulance, its red crosses just visible in the near darkness, lurch across the field to the big plane. He got there himself just as they lifted a limp figure onto a stretcher and into the ambulance. It was the tail-gunner, a sergeant he had known himself for some time.

He heard the words "Pretty bad," but that was all, aside from the grunted directions to the soldiers who heaved the heavy stretcher into the ambulance rack. He stood for a moment in the group that watched the ambulance drive away, but no one spoke to him. He wanted to ask, but he couldn't, and he turned and walked along the edge of the landing strip to the wall tent that had been his home for a month now. There he dashed his head and hands in a bucket of cold water and found a pair of shoes by the light of his flickering kerosene lantern.

It was nearly eight o'clock before he went over to the field mess and sat down on one of the wooden benches under the canvas fly that served as mess hall. Half a dozen other officers of the squadron were there, four pilots and two of the administrative men. They were talking, an animated conversation, and they did not say anything to him when he sat down. He knew, though, that they were keenly aware of him, and he felt again that cold hostility. He ate some of the cold meat and pineapple. He sat a while when he had finished; then he stood up abruptly and stepped over in front of the table where the others were sitting. Archer, the youngest pilot in the outfit, was talking loudly, describing a maneuver with elaborate gestures of both hands. He broke off, and looked up at Randolph. No one spoke.

"How is he?" he asked tensely. His fists clenched suddenly at his sides; their stares, empty of friendliness, seemed more than he could endure. "How is that tail-gunner?"

Archer dropped his hands and looked away. "Pretty bad, Captain." It was the first time Archer had not called him by name. "They've sent him in to the hospital." Archer shifted around in his seat and took up his story.

Randolph stood before them a moment feeling their criticism of him. He was on the point of blazing out at them uncontrollably. But he didn't. He turned away and hurried over to the hospital feeling sick inside. Nor was he any more relieved when he returned with the knowledge that the sergeant was making a desperate fight for his life.

The attitude of Archer and the men at the mess came back to him with renewed force. They had called him a murderer as plainly as though they had articulated the word there in the yellow light. There would be no good in trying

to explain that he had flown to intercept enemy bombers, that it was dark and the insignia practically invisible, that his attack had to be made swiftly without hesitation; he could not explain, even if they would listen and believe. They condemned him for shooting a man who was one of their own.

For a week he lived in desolation, speaking to no one except in the line of duty, sharing no confidences, no comradeship in the mess or in the hours of relaxation that followed the tense time of combat flying. He flew on a mission every day, driving himself unmercifully, trying to ease his pain by exacting the last drop of his physical energy. His work was efficient, and in combat it was brilliant, but it gave him only momentary solace when the heat of combat drove all thought from his mind. Time began to lose all meaning to him.

He fought his missions alone, when he could. Somehow there was a little relief from the punishing loneliness when he could fly into hot combat against the enemy by himself. The sergeant tail-gunner—he was dying in the base hospital, dying slowly from the wounds made by his traitorous bullets.

He heard details of the gunner's fight for life on the hospital bed, a losing fight, one that would end, perhaps, any day.

Ten leaden days, ten days of the precious short life expectancy that War allowed, passed in regret and repentance. Then he was flying alone again in the late afternoon, out over the sea-coast behind which lay the landing strip. His earphones gave him the familiar warning that three friendly bombers were returning from a raid on enemy positions in the islands to the north; all fighter craft in the area were advised of the returning raiders' course and time, so that no mistaken attack would be made.

He was fighting his remorse again, alone in the sky in his ship, when the word came through. He trained his ship on a new course and set out to escort the friendly bombers to their base. It would be a diversion for him, and in addition it might help to overcome that phobia that gripped him now each time he came near his own planes in the air.

It was half an hour's flight, at ten thousand, to where he passed over the bombers, almost exactly as he had done

in that evil dusk of ten days ago. The three four-engined planes, black against the dark gray water below, were in short V-formation at five thousand. Their navigation lights were on, the red and green pin-points twinkling from each wing tip, else he would probably have missed seeing them from his altitude.

He swung his fighter about and followed them, diving slightly to a better position in their rear. He would come closer, and look at their insignia, as he should have done that time before. He cut his throttle a little, until he was coasting down the sky toward their tails.

They were flying more slowly than he had expected. Even the slowest of the Allied four-engined ships should do nearly two hundred on cruising throttle, but these ships were making scarcely one seventy. He was so close that he could see, although dimly, the red and white target of the R. A. A. F. painted on the fuselage. As he slipped below them for an instant, he could even see the targets on the under side of the wings. He banked sharply away and zoomed again until he was five hundred feet above them. What type of ships were they? He squinted through the falling darkness, trying to trace their outlines. He couldn't recognize them; maybe they were some English type the Australians had just imported and that he hadn't seen; they were too slow, he was sure now, to be American-made bombers, of any type he had yet seen in this area. But they had the Allied insignia on them, there could be no mistake about that. He would make no tragic error this time.

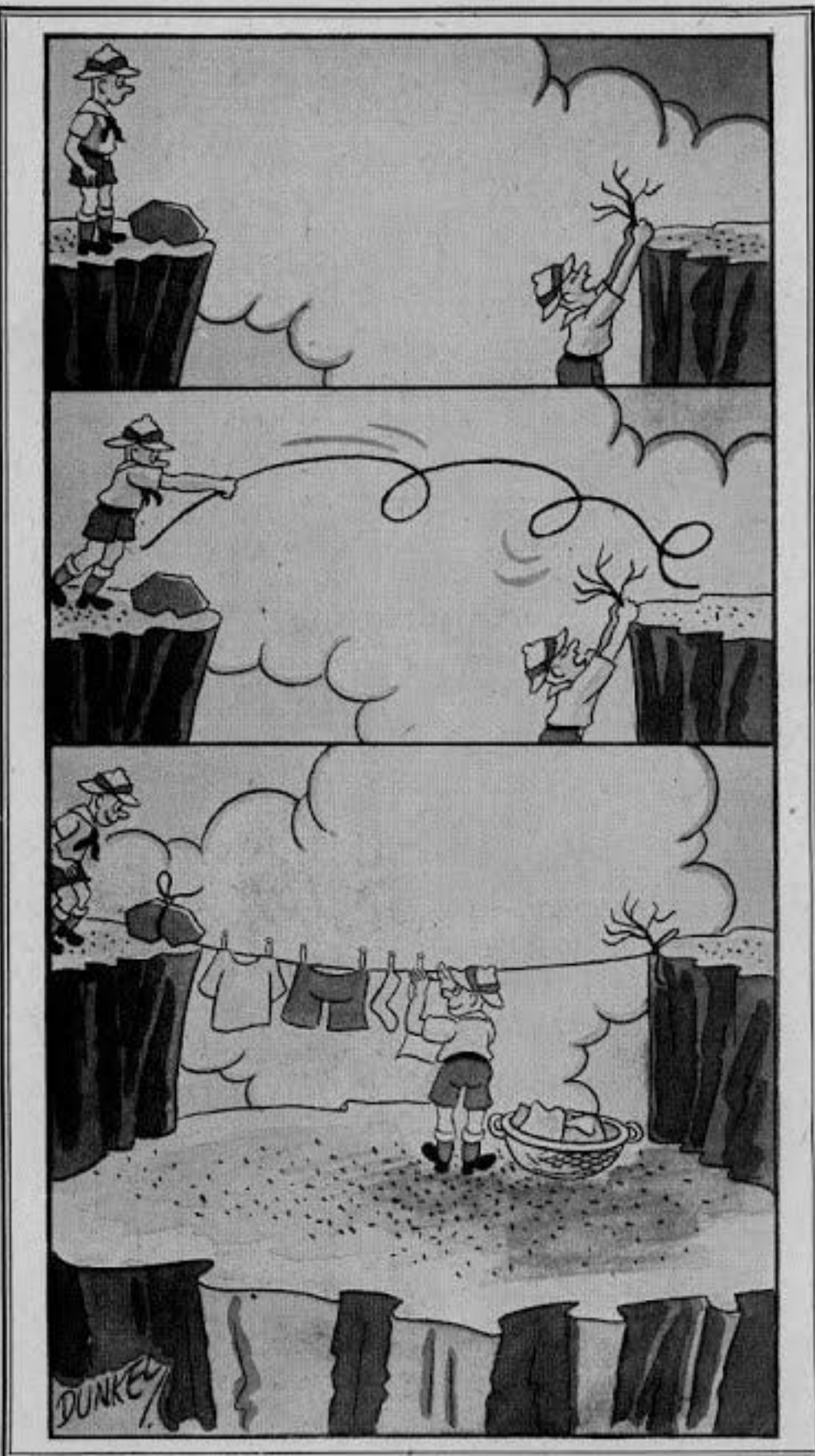
HE SETTLED into straight flight above them, cutting his throttle as much as possible to slow his speed to theirs and almost losing flying speed in the process. He would hover over them protectively until they reached the big field; not that there was much chance of their being attacked this near their base, when the nearest Jap field was six hundred miles away.

Suddenly, as he peered down over his wing edge at them, suspicion rapped sharply at his brain. For an instant, after his instinct had warned him, he didn't know why it had. Then he knew. The bombers had switched off their navigation lights.

For a moment he told himself that he was being absurd, that turning off the navigation lights signified nothing. But there was no explanation for it. None, unless—unless these bombers were on their way to drop bombs on a target.

No—he thought it could not be possible. The planes were heading straight for the coastal base, and their R. A. A. F. insignia was on each fuselage and wing. Moreover, the interceptor command had advised their course on the radio over half an hour before. Yet there was something wrong. He knew, in the back of his mind, that there was something ominous in the unfamiliar outline of the bombers, in their unaccustomed slowness. Could it, then, be possible that this was a trick, that those planes beneath him with the big red-and-white circled insignia were his enemy? And didn't he know well the trickery of this enemy that scorned fairplay as puerile?

He jockeyed his plane, from side to side, and then up and down, while he went through an agony of indecision. He was sure now—and yet how could he be sure? His ghastly mistake before was etched indelibly on his mind. He could not take a chance now on shooting, in tragic repetition, another Allied plane. If they were really enemy, the fighter squadron at the base could





"Fill us up with a couple pecks of those quick starting oats!"

bring them down, after they had proved that they were on the attack.

But he knew, as he put off his decision, that the fighters at the base would not shoot them down before they had loosed their bombs. Not with those false insignias blazoned so plainly. If they were enemy, he must act; no matter what error had been his in the past. He argued with himself frenziedly, before he saw what he must do, clearly and certainly at last. He swerved his fighter again, nursed it forward and up with skilled hands.

WITH open throttle he gained a quick two miles on the steady flight of the bombers; then he banked sharply and nosed down and headed straight for the oncoming planes. At a thousand yards he opened up with all six machine guns and the deadly cannon. For three long seconds the hail of death streamed from the nose of his ship, and then he banked again and zoomed quickly as an inferno of flame burst from the center bomber. He had never seen a plane burn so swiftly, so completely; in a split second it was a solid mass of red flame, falling like a rocket to the sea below.

Bullets were streaming toward him now as the two other bombers diverged and began firing from their turrets. He passed them too swiftly to be hit; he felt the wild elation that came with his power to twist and turn, to hit and run. He did a quick Immelman turn and, throttle wide open, raced ahead again, past the spluttering turrets until he was ahead of the furthest bomber. He whipped into his turn to face the second bomber again. Its guns were blazing, for an instant before it turned away and dodged from his line of fire. The instant was enough. He saw the bomber sink, and knew that it was mortally wounded.

The third bomber twisted its course away from him. Its upper turret blazed up at him and he felt the bullets pelt into his ship, into its wing, but he kept on, and his engine maintained its snarling roar. Recklessly, with a wild abandon, he dived straight down the line of tracers that streamed from the bomber's turret. Now all his own guns were blazing, and he was clenching the stick to jerk it back and over, at the last possible moment before he would ram the lumbering ship. There was a blinding crash and total blackness engulfed him.

When he recovered he knew that he had been unconscious for only a few seconds, for he was still in the climb he had started before the shell struck; the whole action flashed through his memory before he realized where he was. A twenty millimeter schrapnel

shell had burst against the edge of his cockpit. There was a big hole in the instrument panel, and the windstream through the shattered cockpit covering tore at him. His face was a mess of blood. But his ship was still flying—its great engine throbbing its steady roar of defiance!

He got back through a reeling, pain-filled universe. Somewhere on the way he passed a flight of Airacobras; later he realized that they had come up to the scene of the fight just as it ended. But his radio was shattered and he could not talk to them. He pointed his ship instinctively toward the black landing strip that lay in the dusty Australian brush. And somehow he landed the shattered fighter.

The hands that helped him from the cockpit were friendly, kind. He was faint and he knew that he could not walk by himself; but through the haze of his dimming consciousness he realized that the dreaded hostility was gone. He was with his friends again.

His crew-chief spoke loudest. "Word's already come in from C Squadron about what you did, sir. It was a swell job. You've got credit for all three of them. C Squadron got a re-check from the interceptor command and went out after them; the north base had found out that there weren't any friendly bombers in the air. They didn't know that you were out there. I guess you got word they were Japs, sir?"

They were walking him toward the first-aid tent. So the interceptor command had found out that they were Japs after all. He was too weak to try to figure out why he had not got word over his own radio. Right now only one question burned in his brain, only one that he must ask before he went down into the oblivion flooding over him.

"How is that tail-gunner, sergeant?"
"The gunner, sir? Why, he'll be back on duty next month. Report came in from the hospital this afternoon."

AN EYEWITNESS account of part of the action in the east is interestingly presented by Ira Wolfert in *BATTLE FOR THE SOLOMONS* published by Houghton Mifflin, price \$2.00. The author describes his trip by ship and plane to the Solomons and tells what he saw there—the bombardments, the plane fights, the enemy attempts to land, the losses in men and ships suffered by both sides, the great Coral Sea fight. Over it all is the picture of the dogged courage and endurance of our fighters; the heroes, yes, but also the unnamed fighters who just carry on. The author also analyzes the enemy, his qualities as a combatant and what is to be expected of him; warning that he is not likely to crack.



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THIS WAR MEANS EDUCATION

By Uncle Pete

YOUR brothers and cousins of 18 and 19 will soon be in the Army and Navy. For many of them this will mean that they will wear a uniform, and go to school. They probably will not study the same subjects they have been perusing, but they will be taught some phase of this intricate thing we call war.

A friend of mine who has had charge of the elaborate system of defense of part of the Atlantic sea coast has recently been made head of an Army school in Texas with 1200 pupils, men sent by the Army to learn to be under-officers. Certain colleges will be assigned to teach the science of weather. Other institutions will teach camouflage. But all of Uncle Sam's warriors are going to school!

This emphasis on education has plain implications for boys who will be 18 in a year or two or three—get all the education you can, and study hard! Your teachers in high school and boarding school are revising their plans of study. You will be taught the rudiments of the subjects the soldiers are learning in the special schools that the government has set up.

Let Uncle Pete make a suggestion right here! If by any chance you have been one of the few fellows who go to school merely to "get through" regardless of how much they learn, forget that idea now! Go in to learn. If you become a pilot or navigator of a plane your life and the lives of your buddies may depend upon your ability to determine quickly, and accurately where your base is. Learn every lesson, and learn it so you will not forget it!

"At the Nation's Shrine"

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(3) Avoid invading the use of boys as Scouts, or in the uniforms of Scouts, as salaried products or services; further, that in all cases the product or service must have merit warranting the purchase price, and the product shall not involve capitalizing the Scout Movement, or encourage the boy appealing for response because of sympathy or the belief that Scouting will be helped, rather than because the article or service is desired on its merits.

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WILLIAM BOEING

IN 1916, BILL BOEING A SEATTLE SPORTSMAN BOUGHT A SEAPLANE FROM GLENN L. MARTIN. HE STARTED FLYING FOR SPORT... BUT HE SOON REALIZED THE FUTURE POSSIBILITIES OF THE PLANE FOR MILITARY AND COMMERCIAL USE....

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BOEING 247

BOEING 299: FOUR ENGINE BOMBER

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Hiking with Green Bar Bill

(Continued from page 18)

"By the Blazing Council Fire's Light..."

As we come to the last period of the Patrol meeting, we light the council fire and gather around it for a friendly palaver.

What's that?

Yes, I know that there is no fireplace in your Patrol den and that you can't very well start a fire in the center of the floor. That shouldn't stop you!

I was referring to the kind of artificial camp fire which every Patrol ought to own as a part of its more important equipment.

And now you are ready to gather with your boys in the glow of the camp fire, reliving with them some of the glorious hours of the past summer.

Stand up—Speak up—Shut up!

Try a tall story contest around your "camp fire" as a special stunt. You'll have to be the judge unless you can get someone else in to do the judging for you. Indeed, why not invite the Senior Patrol Leader?

To make this stunt even more exciting, manufacture a fake microphone to place in front of the teller of the tales. A strip of tin, a lid off a can, a length of wire and a stick will do the trick.

Give each fellow three minutes to tell his story. And mind you, it must be an original one, based on a theme such as: "My Hair-Raising Experiences Coming to This Patrol Meeting" or "The Extraordinary Happenings of Our Last Patrol Hike."

For the best and most logical story the winner will receive the Patrol's Tall-Story-Trophy.

What will that be? Well, an old tin can and a bit of oil paint should certainly produce a swanky and desirable trophy!

But with your hikes for Toughening Up, your meetings for Buckling Down on advancement, don't let up on the specific projects that come up for winning the war. Take part wholeheartedly in every effort your Troop undertakes, do your stint to the utmost of your ability, in the spirit of this thought of the month:

"He who is afraid of doing too much usually does too little."

"I'll be seeing you on the open road right soon."

Bill

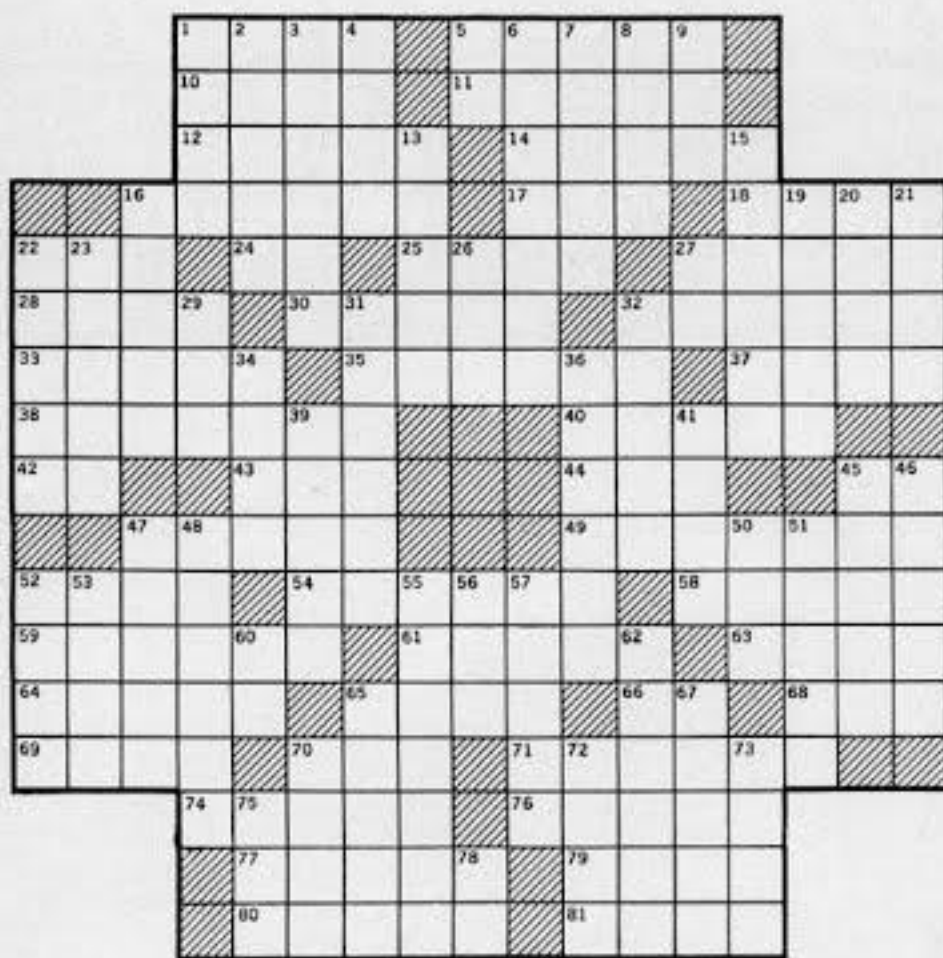
We Had Commandos in 1756

DID you know that the historic Rogers' Rangers of more than a century and a half ago helped to form the training pattern for the Commandos of today? Read the instructions issued to his frontiersmen fighters by Major Rogers. They are rich with Scouting and woodcraft information and they will be published in

The April Issue
of Boys' Life

A Scouting Crossword Puzzle

By EUGENE SHEFFER



(Note: The abbreviation MB stands for Merit Badge Subject.)

HORIZONTAL

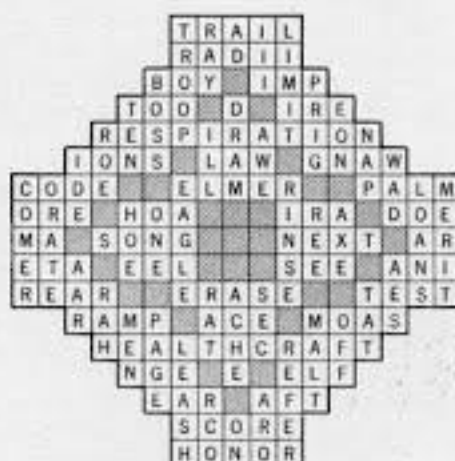
1. The following terms relate to Indian ----- crow belt, coup stick, war bonnet
5. Lesson
10. Affirm
11. Tardier
12. "Launch and board a ----- properly from pier to shore" (MB Canoeing)
14. ----- live most of their lives underground and have developed unique digging forefeet
16. Abhor
17. ----- (Int. Morse)
18. In the C.G.S. system, units of work and energy
22. With what tree are the following identified: Douglas, Canada balsam?
24. ----- (Int. Morse)
25. ----- Columbia!
27. Utility for a purpose
28. The rainbow
30. Beer mug
32. To become a Scout, a boy must be at least ----- years of age
33. Rants
35. Enthusiasms
37. American army surgeon who demonstrated the transmission of yellow fever by mosquitoes: Walter -----
38. Transatlantic vessel
40. Wins
42. Symbol for tellurium
43. All Scouts are ----- ed to take courses in mapreading
44. Prefix: three
45. The Keystone State (abbr.)
47. Another name for seaweed is -----
49. Lines joining points at which the barometric pressure is the same
52. To the sheltered side
54. Pollen-bearing organ of a flower (Botany MB)
58. African objective of Generals Eisenhower and Montgomery
59. Scouting builds -----
61. Classical
63. The neap ----- occurs one or two days after the first and third quarters of the moon
64. The spectrum
65. Covering of a wound
66. ----- (Int. Morse)
68. Permit
69. Dirk
70. College cheer
71. Make evident
74. Shop
76. Vertical part of a step
77. Patriotic Americans do not ----- food
79. Withered
80. ----- alcohol is a volatile inflammable liquid
81. Ancient Italian family

VERTICAL

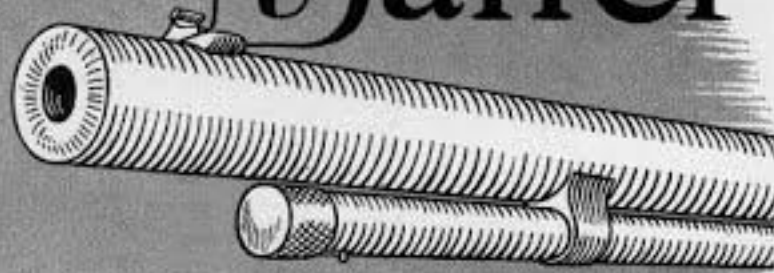
1. Intertwine
2. Egg-shaped
3. Resumes
4. Greek god of love
5. Symbol for aluminum
6. Nickname for former baseball hero Babe Ruth
7. Ring-shaped coral island common in South-west Pacific

8. Relate
9. Before
13. A common anesthetic
15. River in North Wales and West England
16. Scouts aid all over the country in the War Bonds and Stamps -----
19. Sounds accompanying normal breathing
20. ----- to the USO!
21. Vehicle on runners
22. "Review Second and ----- Class ----- Aid Requirements, including demonstrations" (----- Aid MB)
23. Wrathful
26. "Show a knowledge of the following domestic animals: horses, cattle, sheep, swine" (First ----- to Animals MB)
27. ----- (Int. Morse)
29. ----- Scouts wear the Cabin Boy's Badge
31. "Make a score of not less than 40 points in the prone position at a distance of 50 feet from firing point to target" (Marksmanship MB)
32. Former Russian rulers
34. Smooth and self-satisfied
36. Inner coat of the eye
39. Obliterate
41. Unruly mob
45. Honorable self-respect
46. Item in one's assets
47. Eagle's nest
48. Hires
50. However
51. Old-womanish
52. Ampere (abbr.)
53. Without kindred or friends
55. "Shoot with bow and arrow a Junior American Round" (----- MB)
56. Extinct New Zealand bird
57. Live coal or unextinguished brand
60. ----- (Int. Morse)
62. Sounds
65. Feminine Biblical name
67. Liteless
70. Underground part of a plant
72. Clamping device
73. One of a tribe of the Algonquin Indians
75. Definite article
78. Deciliter (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

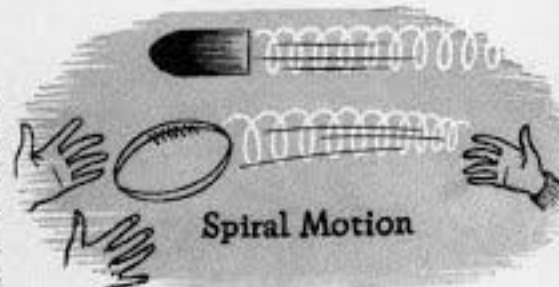


THIS IS A Barrel



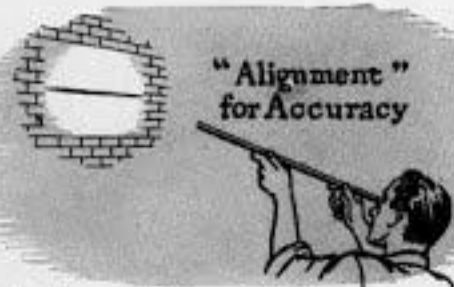
FROM A MARLIN RIFLE

The Marlin barrel is cut from a solid rod of special gun steel. It is bored from end to end in a barrel drilling machine, reamed to a glass finish. Grooves in the bore, known as "Ballard type" rifling, give the bullet a spiral motion which adds to accuracy and range...like the spiral motion given a football by an expert passer.



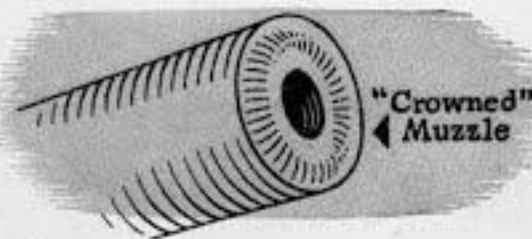
Spiral Motion

Precision is the watchword in all the work which goes into making a Marlin gun, involving hundreds of separate operations. And a job which takes the highest skill, and can be done only by gifted craftsmen, is the final "alignment." It is this "alignment" which imparts the last degree of accuracy to Marlin rifles.



"Alignment" for Accuracy

The rounded, or "crowned" shape of the muzzle protects your Marlin barrel from the scratches or dents which might spoil the accuracy of the gun. Marlin barrels are chemically treated, inside and out, to resist rust and corrosion. These are features worth remembering.



"Crowned" Muzzle

This is Marlin's famous Model 39A—the only lever action, .22 caliber repeating rifle made. The only take-down rifle exposing the working parts by turning a single hand-screw. The sportsman's favorite since 1891 for fast shots on rabbits, squirrels, crows and vermin.



Model 39A

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STRAIGHT-SHOOTING RIFLES AND SHOTGUNS SINCE 1870

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Coca-Cola has that extra something to do the job of complete refreshment. It has a taste that's uniquely satisfying—a quality that's unmistakable. And there's a real reason for that. Coca-Cola holds an original secret of unique refreshment . . . a finished art in its making . . . a blend of wholesome flavors that sets it apart.

Your experience has discovered this special something in Coca-Cola . . . delicious taste with no cloying after-taste . . . refreshment in the finest form. The only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola, itself.

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke. Coca-Cola and Coke mean the same thing . . . the real thing . . . "coming from a single source, and well known to the community"



At U. S. O. recreation centers, you'll see how happily ice-cold Coca-Cola "cuts in" to make "intermission" a refreshing moment on the sunny side of things. It makes for morale.



No matter where fighting men get together, at home and abroad, it won't be very long before they'll connect with Cokes. In long days crowded with work and duties, they know that ice-cold Coca-Cola offers energy-giving refreshment.

"The Coke's in" is a signal for everybody to step up eagerly for ice-cold Coca-Cola. With less of it now in wartime, Coca-Cola being first choice sells out first.

The best is always the better buy!

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